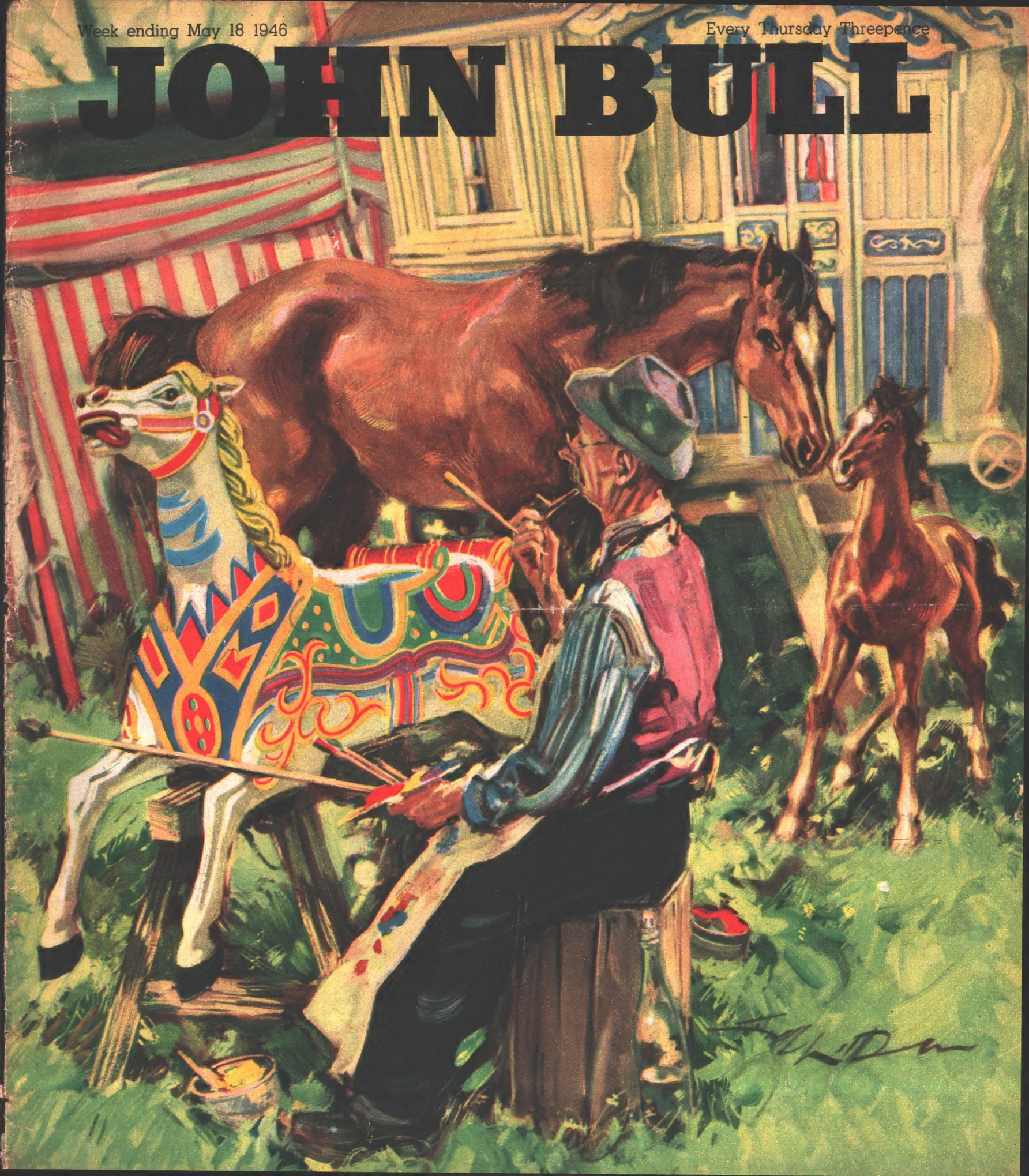
Week ending May 18 1946

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



Knock 'H' out of SAVING

Ever counted what you spend on razor blades in a year? Well, here's a way to cut it down. Buy Laurel blades—1½d. each. They'll last at least as long as any blade you can buy, and they'll give a smooth, easy shave for a long, long time. No better blade comes out of Sheffield, the 'home of the cutting edge'.

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"Mars ARE MARVELLOUS"

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DRINK Coca-Cola

What you count on most in an old friend is character. When restrictions are lifted there will be more Coca-Cola available—and you can count on the same character as always because in the past fifty years the quality of Coca-Cola has not changed.

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Talk the matter over with your Landlord ★ Ask for our special 'From Tenant to Owner' leaflet ★ We are very willing to help you.

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your feet can dance

but NOT your plate!

Can you 'forget' your false teeth? Your comfort and peace of mind depend on how well your dentures fit. If they are slightly loose, through gum-shrinkage, causing you soreness—or embarrassment when speaking or eating — you can easily end this distress by sprinkling Kolynos Denture Fixative on your dental plate. A tasteless, odourless powder recommended by dentists and sold by chemists — 1/3d. & 3/3d. tins.

KOLYNOS REGD.
DENTURE FIXATIVE

makes false teeth 'stay put'

Also — brush dental plates with Kolynos *Denture Powder* to keep them clean, sweet and polished — 1/3d. a tin.

How to clean the lavatory

TO clean the lavatory thoroughly and effectively, simply sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good time).

Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white!

Because it is specially made for the lavatory, Harpic does the job effectively and easily. Its thorough action removes all discoloration — cleans, disinfects and deodorizes.

Harpic is easy to use — a real boon to the housewife.

Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round the S-bend. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see, as well.

HARPIC

4395-1 *Harpic Mfg. Co. Ltd., Hull & London*

A passport to GOOD HEALTH

THERE comes a time when everybody feels run down, tired out, depressed, and the reason is often a deficiency in Vitamin B_1. This deficiency can easily be made up by taking DCL Vitamin B_1 Yeast Tablets.

RICH IN VITAMIN B_1

These tablets consist wholly of yeast, each ounce of which has developed during cell growth a natural Vitamin B potency equivalent to that of 25 m/gs of aneurin hydrochloride, 1.4 m/gs of riboflavin and 8 m/gs of nicotinic acid. Each tablet has a Vitamin B_1 potency of 100 International Units (approx.) and is rich in proteins and other nutrients. One tablet should be taken 3 times a day or as prescribed by the physician. The tablets contain NO DRUGS.

Vitamin B_1

DCL YEAST TABLETS

from all chemists **2/3** *(50 tablets) &* **3/9** *(100 tablets)*

Sole Manufacturers: The Distillers Co. Ltd., Edinburgh

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.
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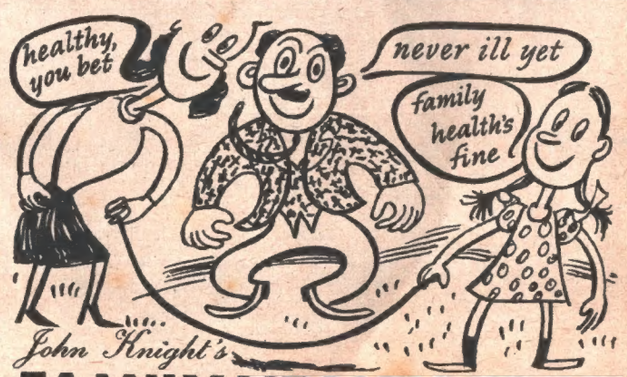

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FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

CLEANS AND PROTECTS

KH 108-861

Selling Agents: HUDSON & KNIGHT LTD.

How to brush your teeth

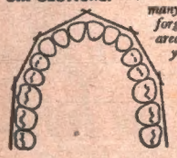
(No. 1 OF A SERIES. Cut it out and keep it)

INSIDE LOWER FRONT TEETH
Never brush "across" your teeth. Place brush inside mouth as shown. Use a brisk "pull up" action. Include the gum in each "upward" stroke. 6 times.

OUTSIDE LOWER FRONT TEETH
Place bristles on gum as shown. Twist the wrist and sweep bristles "upwards." This way gums are massaged, food particles removed.

THE object of brushing your teeth is to keep the gums healthy and to remove microbe-breeding food particles. Brushing your teeth "any old how" is not much use. Correct brushing is the best protection against decay.

SIX SECTIONS. *Without knowing it many people habitually forget to brush certain areas. Always brush your teeth section by section (as shown). Give each section 6 strokes before passing on to the next.*



ALWAYS— Use an unwetted toothbrush. Clean your teeth last thing at night and after breakfast. Keep at least two toothbrushes — use them alternately. Visit your dentist regularly.

USE YOUR *Wisdom* WISELY

REGD.

MADE BY ADDIS LTD., MAKERS OF THE FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 1780

YOU'LL *Feel* BETTER . . .

AND *Look* BEST IN A

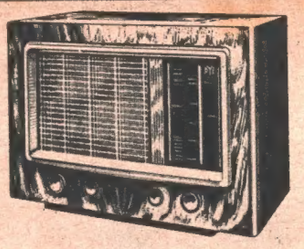
Kangolberet

AN *Anglobasque* PRODUCTION

THE PRESS ACCLAIMS

PYE

Model 15A A.C. Mains Receiver



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Extracts chosen at random from Press reports on the new Pye model 15A, the outcome of scientific research at our factory at Cambridge. *Put your name on your dealer's list now.*

Price £15
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Puts a brilliant polish on all floors — and the shine lasts twice as long!

Millions of women say that this amazing Johnson's Wax Polish keeps all floors, furniture and leather bright, sparkling and mirror-like — and it's non-greasy. In tins, 10½d. and 1/6d.

Obtainable only from shops.

S. C. JOHNSON & SONS, LIMITED

LEMON HART RUM

The Golden Spirit

With Lemon, Orange or Lime A Winner every time!

APPROVED JB

Take it from me-

WOOL

is healthy...

I know it - I grow it!

Issued by the International Wool Secretariat

FIRST Class First Aid in the home! Apply the yellow antiseptic pad to the wound; stretch the fabric base slightly, press down the adhesive Elastoplast edges all round. The wound is dressed; the dressing is comfortable. Wherever there are children, have a tin of Elastoplast handy. Better supplies coming.

Elastoplast
TRADE MARK

ELASTIC · ADHESIVE · ANTISEPTIC

In RED tins 6d. & 1/- *from Chemists*

VESTO JB

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beautiful hands in spite of housework

thanks to

L'Onglex HAND CREAM

VESTO JB

Produced by the makers of L'Onglex Liquid Nail Polish

Inner Cleanliness comes first—for **HEALTH**

VESTO JB

Family size tin 2/- Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

ANDREWS for INNER CLEANLINESS

THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR SOLE

The World supply of hides is insufficient to satisfy all demands, which include those of liberated countries; war wastages everywhere have been on a serious scale.

Therefore Britain may not have adequate supplies of leather for some time.

When you walk on good British Leather you will not hesitate to agree that it is at least as good as ever.

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E.W.G.

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For your throat's sake

VESTO JB

10 FOR 1/2
20 FOR 2/4

CARRERAS 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

1238

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4d. Including Tax.

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FREE SAMPLE sent on application, together with a copy of booklet on the care of infants entitled "Steps to Health", if 1d. stamp is enclosed. Keen Robinson, Dept. DZ-44, Norwich.

CVS-44

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Solves your "sweet" problem in a few moments. Every housewife should always have a tube of "Dairy" Brand Junket Powder and our Recipes Leaflet handy.

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A good beginning

MARJORIE already shows great musical promise: her teachers prophesy a fine future. With a sturdy body, lots of energy and steady nerves, she'll be a great success. She has her daily cup of FRY'S COCOA — the family *food drink* for all ages and stages. *5d qtr lb 9½d half lb · 1/6 1-lb tin*

FRY'S COCOA

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FOR BODY BUILDING · FOR ENERGY · FOR RESTFUL SLEEP

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Make teeth *whiter...*

IRIUM* *does it*

Irium makes teeth really whiter. Safe, non-acid, non-alkaline, Irium gently dissolves film — stains and dinginess disappear quickly and *smoothly*. Start using Pepsodent now, and see your teeth take on new sparkling whiteness.

**Irium is purified Sodium Lauryl Sulphate — the most effective tooth-cleaning agent known to dental science. It is found only in Pepsodent.*

Pepsodent
(containing IRIUM)
TOOTHPASTE

P.D. 116-1005

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... because VIM is the speediest cleanser

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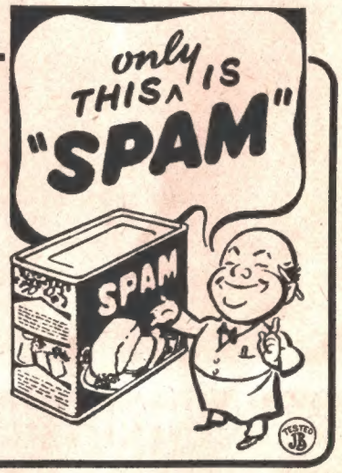
"SPAM" is a registered Trade Mark, and can be used only in respect of the product of Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota, U.S.A.



JOHN BULL May 18 1946 Vol 79 No 2083 186 High Holborn WC1 Tel: Temple Bar 2468

MORE FOOD FOR THE MINERS?

Palestine Challenge to UNO • Labour Party Drive • Young Tories Wake Up • Holiday Complaints • "Spoils" from Germany

IT IS AN INDICATION of the seriousness of affairs in the coal industry that, at a time when food shortages are forcing further economies in consumption, responsible advisers of the Government are advocating increased rations for mining communities.

Make no mistake about it. As JOHN BULL has already pointed out, the coal crisis is not over. In fact, it is getting worse, if anything, as the months pass.

Stocks of coal are low. Industrial demands are higher and higher. The recent rapid demobilization which sent at least a proportion of ex-Servicemen back to the mines, and helped to keep up output, is now slackening.

Unless something drastic is done quickly, the situation will soon become more than serious. By next winter, it could be catastrophic.

Threat to Our Future

The whole of our national recovery programme depends, in the end, on coal. We cannot make the goods we need, either for overseas or for the home market, unless our factories get the coal to keep them going.

If stocks gave out, and supplies fell short of our needs, the wheels of British industry could literally be brought to a full stop, and rosy dreams of future prosperity shattered overnight.

Because this is well understood within the Government, we can count on everything humanly possible being done to save the situation before it has gone too far.

But Mr. Shinwell is obviously worried, and not without good reason. He said only the other day that coal stocks were "dangerously low" and must be built up during the summer if we are to start next winter with reasonable reserves.

He estimated that, to do this, another 40,000 men would be needed.

Getting the Men

That is the core of the problem. How to get the men.

The recruitment campaign which was recently begun with the object of attracting younger men is not, at present, meeting with any real success.

Miners have been promised better conditions under nationalization, and will get them, but reconstruction of out-of-date pits and replacement of machinery will take time.

Members of the Coal Board, which will shortly take over control of the industry, plan to give the miner plenty of publicity, building him up in the public eye as the valuable member of the community he undoubtedly is. They also intend to concentrate on his welfare and education as never before.

More is Wanted

But will that be enough? JOHN BULL agrees with critics of the present schemes who say that more — much more — is wanted to put an end to "absenteeism" and unofficial strikes among the men already working in the pits, and persuade others to take up mining.

One of the immediate measures suggested is to get more goods into the shops in mining areas. This is being done. Another is to grant more food to the miners—not only the men themselves, but their families as well.

At the present time, this sounds an unlikely and possibly unpopular measure. But think of it this way: is it fair to ask any man to do the tough, back-breaking work of the mines, day in and day out, on basic rations?

One Way To Do It

Almost every other country in the world where there are coal mines recognizes that the miner requires extra food to keep him fit for his job. And it is no use having well-provisioned pithead canteens while there are empty cupboards in the men's homes.

So perhaps the Food Minister, on top of his other worries, will have to dip into his slender stores to provide better rations for the miners. He might find the means to do it by cutting the admittedly lavish scales still allowed to the Services.

Chance for UNO

EVEN AS THE Security Council of the United Nations Organization was debating other questions in New York, the perfect test case for this modern League of Nations looked like becoming a world problem which America, after one attempt at co-operation, had passed smartly back to Britain.

The Anglo-American Report on Palestine has satisfied neither Arab nor Jew, and leaves Britain with the unhappy responsibility of continuing to maintain order in a country torn by racial strife, while admitting 100,000 more Jewish immigrants.

No Solution

The committee appointed by ourselves and the United States to consider the whole problem has, in fact, found no real solution. It has resorted to a compromise which cannot satisfy the Arabs and yet can make no appreciable difference to the plight of Europe's homeless Jews.

Worse still, the Report appears to emphasize the mistaken idea that Palestine is chiefly a British problem.

Mr. Attlee has since been at some pains to insist that whatever we do must be done in collaboration with the United States. That is something.

A Clear Case

But the truth is, there is only one governing body in the world fitted to keep the peace in Palestine and guide the destinies of Jew and Arab with strict impartiality and complete authority.

That body is, of course, the United Nations Organization, which was created for just this sort of task.

There was never a clearer case for action by the United Nations as a whole, and not by one or two nations.

On to the Million

POLITICAL RECRUITMENT CAMPAIGNS being the order of the day, Labour Party Headquarters at Transport House, London, are more than active.

The Party Regional Offices with their full-time organizers will have the main responsibility of handling the "Million Membership Drive" now launched under the leadership of the party's national secretary, Morgan Phillips.

Since the General Election, Labour Party individual membership has risen sharply in most areas, and the Transport House campaign aims at reaching the 1,000,000 mark well before the end of the year.

One of the key men in this campaign is tall, dark, R. C. Wallis, Labour organizer in the Lancashire and Cheshire area. From his little office facing Manchester Town Hall, Wallis builds Labour strength in a big way.

Mr. Shinwell, Minister of Fuel and Power, is worried—and not without good reason

By-Election Triumph

Not least to the credit of this younger backroom boy of the party was the Heywood and Radcliffe by-election result. Wallis acted as agent to Tony Greenwood (son of the Lord Privy Seal, Arthur Greenwood).

Labour won the seat by less than 900 votes at the General Election. The Labour Member died. The by-election coincided with grim food news. Conservative headquarters believed the by-election was in the bag. It was—but not in their bag. Part of the credit goes to Wallis. Transport House regards him as one of its best men.

Junior Tory Aim

MEANWHILE THE YOUNGER TORIES in Parliament are seeking ways to strengthen their party by getting new blood into it.

The Junior Imperial League, Conservative answer to left-wing youth organization, has in the past been almost entirely a social club, with dancing as the main attraction.

This is all very well, say the would-be leaders of a Conservative youth revival, but dancing clubs are no substitute for study circles where the young Tory could be adequately trained for political battle. Conservative chiefs agree in principle, but do little in practice.

So some of the younger Opposition M.P.s, particularly in the provinces, have been pressing for more "education."

Among these missionaries is Harold Anthony Nutting, M.P. for Melton (Leicester).

Protégé of Eden

Sitting for one of the safest of safe Conservative seats—he beat his experienced Labour opponent by 5,393 votes—Nutting entered Parliament last July as a personal protégé of Mr. Eden. The younger Anthony has all the conventional qualifications for quick promotion in his party hierarchy.

Charming manners, good looks and an attractive voice, with an Eton-Cambridge background, make a good start. His services in embassies in France, Spain

FREEDOM IN THE ATOMIC AGE: by the Editor

A YOUNG SCIENTIST is sent to prison for ten years for betraying atom secrets.

A Bill for the control of atomic energy is presented to Parliament, proposing sweeping powers of entry and search in cases where there is any suspicion of "illegal" atom operations.

There are people who see in these two happenings an even greater threat to our civilization than that already offered by the atom bomb itself.

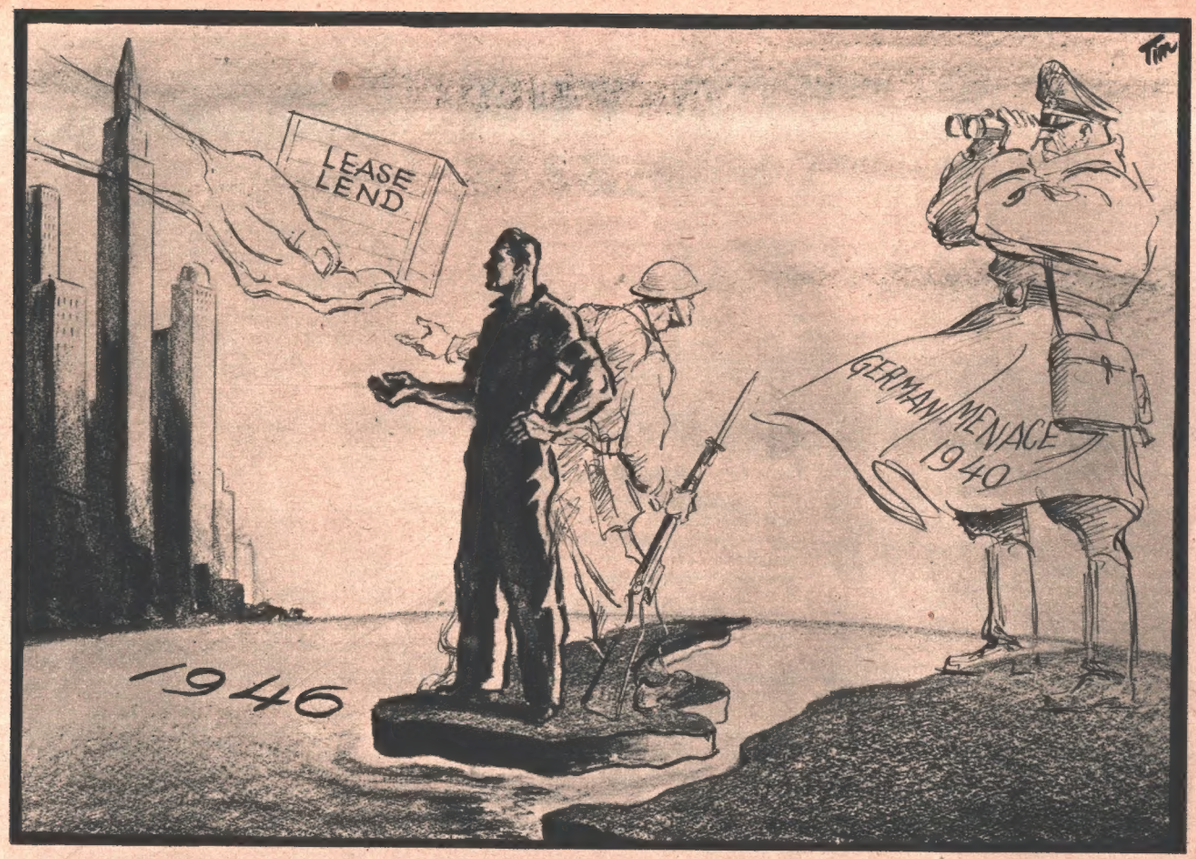
They ask if the mighty and menacing atom has already brought us to the point of surrendering liberties for which our forefathers struggled, and in defence of which we have fought two major wars.

Nobody denies that Dr. Nunn May was technically guilty of a criminal offence, but there are some who doubt his moral guilt and are uneasy about the severity of his punishment.

Equally, no one will question the necessity for the strictest possible control of atomic development in the interests of national security, but the methods adopted to enforce this control may be strongly contested.

Perhaps we have really reached the point where a new definition of freedom is required. Complete personal liberty may be inconsistent with the general good. This is the problem we must face.

Only UNO can exercise effectively the drastic powers which will be needed to control atomic energy. But we must see to it that these powers are used openly and not in secrecy. Although some details of the offence were not revealed, the Nunn May case was tried in open court. We should insist that every action taken against atom suspects is at least equally open, so that all restraining measures may be subjected to the test of public opinion. Only in this way can we hope to keep our freedom in the atomic age.



TIMELY REMINDER

and Italy were followed by a spell as Eden's private secretary.

He is only twenty-six (he just misses being "the baby" of the House), but the name of Nutting will loom larger in Conservative affairs in the years ahead.

Holiday Headache

ALL IS NOT WELL on some sections of the holiday front. Since Easter, local authorities in a number of resorts have been getting far too many complaints from customers of certain hotels and boarding houses.

Visitors allege that, for very high prices, they got only the skimpiest meals, with scarcely any off-the-ration food, and shabby service which the severe labour shortage did not justify.

New Owners

Investigation of complaints has revealed, in a surprising number of cases, that the offending hotels and boarding houses had recently changed hands.

Almost unobserved, scores of these places were transferred to new ownership last winter. The previous owners, having made comfortable sums out of evacuees in war-time and finding that the capital value of their property and trade had multiplied many times in the speculative market, sold out at inflated figures.

The new owners of some of these establishments, apparently, have adopted a policy of charging the highest possible prices for the least possible service.

Retaliation?

These speculators—one cannot call them anything else—are, of course, a menace to the good name of the resorts they are exploiting, so they must expect a measure of retaliation.

As a start, interested local bodies are taking legal opinion on the possibility of publishing lists of officially recommended hotels and guest houses, leaving it to be inferred that those omitted have been the subject of justified complaints. This system was introduced in France before the war and operated there with some success. Here, it presents difficulties.

More boldly—and more effectively, we think—other resorts are contemplating setting up municipally owned and operated hotels, with reasonable tariffs, which would set standards of holiday accommodation and add to the prestige of the communities owning them.

Making Us Known

COMPARATIVELY LITTLE KNOWN in this country but of high effectiveness elsewhere was the radio newsreel by which, on short wave, events of the day were told by the B.B.C. to audiences overseas.

In North America during and for some months after the war, the feature was so well presented that it was played nightly from Atlantic to Pacific over major networks on the more popular medium and long wavelengths, and the material was so good that it was extensively monitored by newspapers and news agencies.

The benefit to our prestige was great, and the programme did a lot towards making our case known, without blatant propaganda.

Disappointed Listeners

Now, large-scale transmission has ended in the Western Hemisphere. Canadian correspondents of JOHN BULL say that people everywhere in the Dominion and in the United States are disappointed. And they are unconvinced by the official explanation that there was not likely to be sufficient worthwhile material to justify continuing the newsreel as a daily programme item.

Events here and in the rest of Europe are so badly and inaccurately reported across the Atlantic that the B.B.C. ought to spare no effort to restore this service. If the American radio companies are no longer willing to co-operate, it is certain that, given a guarantee of quality, the service would have the support of David Dunton, the new chief of C.B.C. (the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation) whose coast-to-coast organization is also heard throughout the American continent.

Spoils of Peace

NIGHTLY CONTINGENTS of Servicemen arriving in London from occupied Europe bear amazing burdens of "spoils" from occupied Germany.

Three soldiers in one party recently had among them a child's tricycle, a rocking horse and an outsize teddy bear.

They explained without any sense of shame that they had "bought" the articles from German families in return for a few packets of cigarettes or some ration chocolate. Because these commodities have an exaggerated value in Germany, the men all seemed to regard the transactions as fair barter. But is it?

Very Black Market

Civilian visitors to Germany recently have been gravely worried by evidence of similar transactions. Not only toys, but personal clothing and household furnishings are being acquired in very large quantities.

Our men cannot now purchase gifts in the German shops, so many of them have been taking the opportunity of "buying" goods by barter to bring or send home.

In a way, it is natural enough, especially as the authorities apparently do not interfere. But it seems a sad commentary on human nature that hardly anybody recognizes it for what it really is—little better than freebooting.

"I CANNOT FIND WORDS

to express my heartfelt gratitude," writes Mr. F. J. Booth, of Rothesay, in acknowledging cheque paid under JOHN BULL's Free Family Insurance following an outbreak of fire at his home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

Well-equipped Golfers

GOLF COMMITTEES are noting members who swagger over courses with brand-new sets of expensive-looking golf clubs and knock about an abundance of obviously high quality balls. It's obvious where these implements came from.

Thousands of clubs and boxes of balls have lately been sent over by Americans as gifts to business and private friends.

Unfortunately, the clubs are of types which, though in large-scale production at one time, were discarded because they were declared illegal by the Royal and Ancient Club and the United States Golf Association.

The club faces are so heavily "gashed" that abnormal control of approach or pitch shots is possible. And the balls, somewhat larger than the standard British article, make play easier and give an unfair advantage.

Proud owners of such unusual golf equipment are likely to find themselves promptly disqualified if they try to use it in even minor competitions.

Actors in Conference

THERE WILL BE SOME LIVELINESS, but no rowdiness, at the annual meeting of British Actors' Equity, the actors' trade union, to be held in London next week.

One of the main topics for discussion will be the resettlement in the profession of men and women who are returning to the stage from the Services. Equity's special Demobilization Service Bureau has been doing excellent work, but there are a few complaints to be ventilated.

Another important discussion will focus on the employment of children under twelve in film studios (which is illegal on the strict letter of the law). There will be some straight talking on the subject, and a "clean up" policy will be advocated.

Miss Beatrix Lehmann may again be elected president of Equity, with Sir Lewis Casson and Miss Honor Blair as likely vice-presidents.

Crocks on the Roads

MANY OF THE APPALLING CASUALTIES on our roads are doubtless due not so much to the road weariness of drivers as to the deficiencies of vehicles which are often unfit for service, and for that reason are not under the effective control of the driver.

Recently the Chief Constable of Norwich arranged a fortnight's check on road goods vehicles in the city. It was discovered that 123 out of the 381 examined were quite unroadworthy. Other chief constables might imitate Norwich in this respect.

Incidentally, at a London police court the other day, of the fifty-six cases on the charge sheet, forty-nine were against motorists, a large percentage of whom were driving defective vehicles, which were an obvious danger to the public.

Wilkinson's First

GILBERT WILKINSON joins the ranks of JOHN BULL's distinguished gallery of cover artists this week with a typically Wilkinsonian character as the central figure—the man who paints spots on rocking horses (or anyway, fairground horses).

Gilbert himself is a brilliant painter as well as a cartoonist and humorist of wide popularity. As an illustrator, he has contributed to a great many British and American magazines. As a humorous cartoonist, he is best known to readers of the *Daily Herald*.

He will be back in JOHN BULL very soon with another and totally different cover subject, showing his versatility.

WHY IT'S

Do we really need to send our goods abroad when we want them desperately in our own homes? An expert economist gives a straight answer to a paradoxical problem

by EVAN DURBIN, M.P.

A CAMPAIGN TO MAKE US "export conscious" has started. Posters, leaflets and even films are all being used in a nation-wide propaganda drive.

The very fact that it should be thought necessary to do this proves something which I, as an economist, have long realized—the widespread failure throughout the country, among all classes of people, to appreciate the need for increasing our exports.

Some people do not seem to understand what exports are for. Others think that the Government wants to sell more British goods abroad in order to find jobs for everyone. Or to strengthen our commercial power in the world. Or to help other countries. I have even heard of people who said they thought it was part of Sir Stafford Cripps's supposed love of "austerity."

All this is completely beside the point. Let me put it to you in this way: We must export to live—literally to *live*.

It is quite impossible to support the forty-five million people now dwelling on this island without a large foreign trade. To start with, the soil cannot produce enough food to feed us.

During the war we did all that was humanly possible to increase our domestic output of wheat and meat and fats.

No doubt we could produce even more food at home in peace-time with a larger labour force on the land and a steadily improving agricultural technique. But at the moment, and for many years to come, we shall need to import something like half of all our food and as much as eighty per cent of our wheat.

Moreover we must continue to import many of the raw materials required by our industries.

These imports are not luxuries. They are absolute necessities for us.

But how are we to get them? There is only one safe way. We must *pay* for them.

International trade is not based upon charity. Australians will not send us mutton and wool merely because they love us. The Argentine will not let us have beef and hides, indefinitely, on "tick." Even the United States will not export cotton and tobacco to us free of all charge.

It is perfectly true that Canada is willing to lend us Canadian dollars, for a time, to buy her wheat and timber—and many Americans think that the United States should do the same. But these are only stop-gap measures.

The Canadians and the Americans will not lend money to us indefinitely and they certainly will not give it to us.

Paying Our Way

No—we must pay our way as soon as we can and re-pay our debts as early as possible. And there is only one way of doing either of these things—by exporting our goods and services to the countries from which we wish to buy our imports.

That is the fundamental reason for building up our export industries. *Exports buy imports.*

We sell whisky and woollen textiles and insurance to the United States of America. The Americans pay for these things in dollars and we use the dollars to buy American goods.

We sell coal and steel and machinery to Sweden for Swedish crowns. We use the crowns to buy timber and iron ore and pulp from Sweden. The goods are exchanged and the payments balance—or, to use the jargon of economists, our "balance of payments is in equilibrium." That is to say we are currently selling as much as we are currently buying. This is the goal at which we must aim.

What is the size of the present problem?

The best estimates suggest that while we have full employment in this country we shall need imports that will cost something like £1,200 millions to £1,400 millions a year. Towards this great total we can rely upon £100 millions a year from our past investments. It is therefore safe to say that we shall need approximately £1,100 millions to £1,300 millions a year from exports—that is, from selling goods and services abroad. This is a very rough estimate indeed but it will serve to give a working picture of the problem.

Can we hope to reach a total of anything like this size?

During the war we cut our exports to the bone. The task assigned to us by the economic strategy of the war was to concentrate our industries on the manufacture of tanks, aeroplanes and munitions (as we were near to the main centres of fighting) while our American friends combined to produce essential civilian goods for export (without charge) under Lend-Lease.

As a consequence of this perfectly proper decision, our exports fell to less than one-third of their physical volume and, despite the rise in prices, to half their pre-war value. They fell, in fact, from an average of just over £500 millions a year before the war to just over £250 millions in 1944.

We faced this problem up to the change of Government last summer. What has happened since then?

The last published figure shows that in March of this year exports for that month were just under £60 millions. Thus, ten months after the end of the war in Europe, and only six months after the end of war with Japan, our annual rate of export had risen to well over £700 millions.

This is a remarkable achievement. The task already begins to look possible.

We should remember, however, that there is no difficulty in selling exports at the moment. The world is starved of goods. A country can sell anything that it can produce and is willing to export. We could sell twice as much as we are selling today if we had it to sell.

The real test will come in two or three years' time, when the immediate shortages are over and the other exporting countries of the world, particularly the United States have got into their stride. Then we shall be up against stiff foreign competition and we shall need all our resources of skilled labour and a high level of efficiency and salesmanship to keep the account straight.

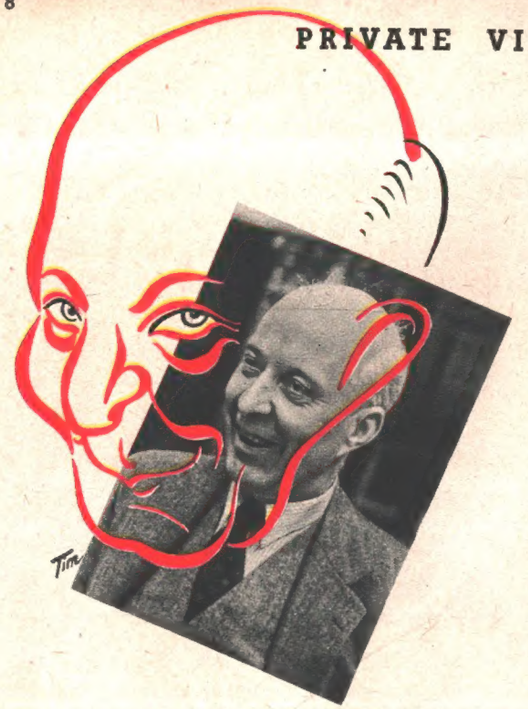
Nevertheless, it is most encouraging that we have got off the mark so quickly and are solving the first problem—that of producing the goods to sell—so swiftly.

No Good to Moan

But we have got to put our hearts into it. It is no good for the public—or the producers—to moan about the necessary restrictions placed on the sale of goods in the home market. It is no doubt annoying for the housewife to read of an increase in our exports of cotton and woollen textiles when she badly needs new tablecloths.

But it is no good having a new tablecloth if you have no bread to put on it. The Government would betray the public if it allowed refrigerators to be sold at home at the cost of reducing the amount of meat there was to put into them.

A large part of our growing steel and textiles output, of our pianos and refrigerators and wirelesses, must be sent abroad in order that we may buy and bring into the country all the wheat and sugar and bacon and cheese and cotton and timber and iron ore upon which the very life of our people and the productivity of our industry depend. There is no other choice and we must restrain our impatience to consume more until our exports are paying for all the imports we need.



BIG-HEARTED CHANCELLOR

HUGH DALTON IS ONE of the outstanding successes of the present Government. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, he brings more knowledge and imagination to his difficult job than any of his predecessors in living memory.

His ideas are big. But then, he is a big man. Big in body. Big in head. Big in mind. Big in voice. Big in heart. He stands over six feet three inches in his socks, and his huge frame is topped with a head in proportion that is full of brains.

He is an immensely hard worker. He starts before ten o'clock in the morning and rarely finishes before midnight. He expects to be up until two or three o'clock in the morning two or three times a week.

Like most Chancellors of the Exchequer, he prefers to work in No. 11 Downing Street—his official residence—rather than in his gaunt rooms at the Treasury. Mrs. Dalton has made a charming flat for him at the top of the house, and he comes down in working hours to the little book-lined study on the second floor, in which many of the most important decisions affecting the pockets and prosperity of our people have been taken for five generations.

The room is now presided over by a forbidding portrait of Mr. Gladstone!

THE present Chancellor reads most of the newspapers over breakfast, and as soon as he is down his team of secretaries start the varied round of the Chancellor's day. There are Ministers to be seen who want money for the activities of their departments. There are the senior officials of the Treasury or the Board of Inland Revenue, who wish to talk about the American loan or closing a gap in the income tax law. The Governor of the Bank of England ("Mr. Governor" as he is called) looks in to discuss the rate of interest on recent Government borrowing. There is a deputation from the motor manufacturers to plead for a reduction in Purchase Tax.

Then there are meetings of the Cabinet to be attended next door, questions to be answered in the House, back-bench Members to be interviewed, and important speeches to be made.

The crowded day passes rapidly, and at nine or ten or eleven o'clock, according to the hour at which the House rises or the hour at which the Chancellor can get away from an official dinner, he arrives back at No. 11. His secretaries may either be waiting for him with a pile of correspondence and papers requiring his agreement and signature, or if there is nothing about which they need to speak to him, they will have left a mass of documents in a locked box upon his desk.

He then settles down to two or three or four hours' hard work in the silent little room, undisturbed by the telephone, with the background roar of London traffic falling to its lowest ebb in the small hours. And so to bed.

SOME men learn most through their eyes, some most through their ears. Hugh Dalton belongs emphatically to the second type. He hates reading rambling documents.

He passionately detests the fearful jargon of the Civil Service. (He often says, half jokingly, that he will not read any document of more than one thousand words.) On the other hand, he loves talking, and absorbs very quickly the views of people who can think clearly and explain themselves quickly.

One of his most endearing characteristics (though it often drives his secretaries to distraction) is his willingness to talk to anybody, however humble, about anything, however trivial, while the minutes fly on and "important" people seethe with impatience in the background. But nothing serves better to keep him in touch with the ordinary folk he has so much responsibility for governing, and to break down the isolation that so frequently creeps around lesser men in high office.

Outside working hours, the Chancellor is in love with the sun and the open air.

He has built a house on a lovely site, high on the Wiltshire Downs, which Mrs. Dalton has decorated and furnished in the modern style they both like. To this refuge they escape whenever they can.

Here Hugh Dalton throws off his smart blue suit, gets into dirty old flannel trousers and a ragged tweed coat, with a faded straw hat if there is any sun, and squats on the ground weeding his flower-beds, or tends his trees, or walks twenty miles across the downs.

He eats an immense supper and sleeps for twelve hours at a time.

AROUND the walls are the books he loves—history, biography, poetry, travel and economics. He has not much use for novels or science. He gathers his strength from the hills for another week of hard labour.

Of course, he has his faults. He is a very impatient man. He cannot bear slow-witted people and slow-moving business. Sometimes he loses his temper and shouts.

And then it is necessary for those who work with and for him to keep their heads and stand up to him. He likes that, for he does not favour "yes" men.

The clue to his great success in his present office is simple. In the first place, he knows all about his subject. He is not only an experienced and successful politician. He is also a trained technical economist and he taught the subject at the London School of Economics for years. It is no exaggeration to say that he is the greatest living academic authority in this country on public finance. Such a thing has never happened before. No previous Chancellor has been trained specially for the job.

But a specialist would be dangerous if he were nothing more than a specialist. Hugh Dalton is far more. He is a man of constructive imagination and kindly will. He wants to get things done. He wants to help the poor. He wants to help the young. He wants to re-equip industry and find a job for everyone and raise our standard of living. He takes a wide and far-sighted view of his duty to the country, and this combination of technical knowledge with a creative will is unique.

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

INDIA

OUT OF EVERY FIVE PEOPLE on the earth one is an Indian. Out of every ten Indian babies born in cities, at least two die before the age of one. Five die before the age of 22. Expectation of life at birth: Indian, 27; English, 62.

* * *

India possesses the world's largest reserves of manganese, three-quarters of the world's mica, perhaps the world's largest reserves of high-grade iron ore. Under the Indian earth lie sixty million tons of coal, chromium, and rich deposits of aluminium ores. India is the world's main source of ilmenite, manazite, and zircon.

* * *

An Indian land worker gets from 2d. to 5d. a day—when he's working. He is not working for at least three months in a year. The average income per head in British India is £4 10s. per year.

* * *

India is the world's largest producer of sugar, oil-seeds, tobacco, and jute. India is the world's second largest producer of raw cotton. India produces one-third of the world's hides. India possesses the biggest steel works—Tatas, of Jamshedpur—in the British Commonwealth.

* * *

One hundred million Indians have malaria every year. Forty-five million Indians have hookworm every year. Five hundred thousand Indians die of tuberculosis every year.

* * *

Indians are of all colours from white to deep black. They speak twelve main languages, 225 dialects, and write in eleven different scripts. Many can communicate only in English.

* * *

Two-thirds of the Indians do not get nearly enough to eat.

* * *

In Britain one acre of grainland yields 2,000 lb. of grain a year. In India it yields 690 lb.

* * *

The legal definition of a Hindu is "one who is born a Hindu and worships the cow." There are 180,000,000 cows in India—one-third of the world's entire cattle population. Their average milk yield is four pints daily. Seven in ten give no milk at all. In Kashmir, the punishment for killing a cow is seven years' penal servitude.

* * *

Gandhi says: "A cow for me is a poem of pity. I shall defend its worship against the whole world."

* * *

Today there are nearly 400,000,000 Indians. In thirty years, it is calculated, there will be 700,000,000. Birth control is "repugnant to Hindu religious sentiment."

* * *

In 1935, Winston Churchill told Americans that two out of every ten Englishmen depend upon India.

* * *

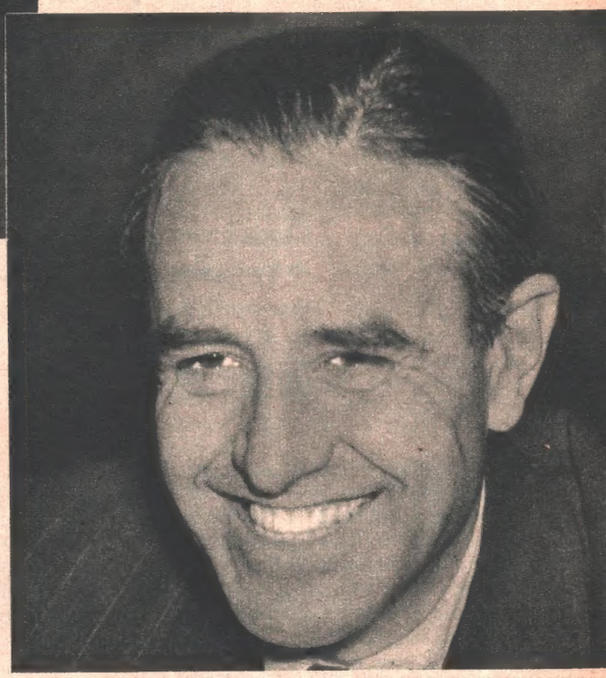
The Hindus possess the world's oldest written literature—the Vedas. Nine out of every ten Indians can neither read nor write. But when a Lahore circus advertised for a gatekeeper at twenty-two shillings a month, forty B.A.s applied.

* * *

Hinduism divides time into recurring cycles of four eras or *yugas* . . . each cycle equivalent to 4,320,000 years. Seven *yugas* equal One Period of Manu (the Lawgiver). Fourteen Periods of Manu equals One Day in the Life of Buddha. Three hundred and sixty-five thousand Days in the Life of Buddha equal One Life of Brahma (the Creator). One Life of Brahma equals One Day of Vishnu (the Preserver).

So what's your hurry?

Left: Radio picture of the Moscow talks in 1942, showing Averell Harriman seated between Churchill and Stalin with Molotov at the right. Below: the Harriman smile



HAIL HARRIMAN!

Friend of Stalin, Churchill, Attlee, and multi-millionaire with a mission, Averell Harriman helped to save Britain in the darkest war days. Now he comes back as American Ambassador, and we welcome him

by HANNEN SWAFFER

AVERELL HARRIMAN, hearing the emotional speeches with which Bevin, Eden and Churchill bade an affectionate farewell to John Winant, must have wondered: "Will they talk in such terms of me when I, in turn, retire?"

He is facing the most difficult of all diplomatic tasks — that of following the most popular Ambassador that Washington ever sent to Britain.

Yet I am not flattering Winant's successor when I say that no better choice could have been made.

Harriman, in the hours of our test, shared our dangers, as Winant did. Like him, he had faith in the British people, even in the darkest days. And, like Winant, he did his utmost to implement the Lend-Lease aid that Roosevelt had promised. He was, indeed, one of the key men of the war.

All Pledges Were Kept

I first met Averell Harriman when, at the dinner given in his honour on his arrival here in March, 1941, Beaverbrook, the exuberant host, asked me to propose his health.

"He is a great railway man," said the Beaver that night. "And he is our great friend."

Harriman soon proved his vast capacity as an organizer—and also his devotion to the British cause. He promised us food. He promised us steel. He promised everything that, at times, seemed impossible. All the pledges were kept.

"I have only to ask for something," Beaverbrook told me before Harriman had been here more than a few weeks, "and immediately he calls up on the cross-Atlantic telephone. Always I get what I want."

In less than a year after his appointment to London, Harriman crossed the Atlantic seven times! He also visited the West African colonies. He went to the Persian Gulf. He toured the African battlefields. He flew to Russia. And he took part in the historic meeting at sea between Roosevelt and Churchill. That—in addition to his incessant organizing—was not a bad twelve months' work!

And he was hail-fellow-well-met to everybody. Always, he had a smile and a hearty greeting. Journalists invariably forgot, in his presence, their natural cynicism.

To them, he was "Harriman."

Sparkling Social Gifts

Yet it would not have surprised many if Averell Harriman had become merely a playboy. At Yale, he was an oarsman and an amateur actor. As a youth, he was a first-class polo-player and a breeder of ponies. And he had sparkling social gifts.

But his father, one of America's railway builders, persuaded him to spend his vacations in the yards and the workshops. He even learned to drive a locomotive. He had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Yet he ate from a dinner-pail.

Then he inherited no less than 100,000,000 dollars, and when death duties were small! That would have turned the head of almost anyone.

But young Harriman, less an heir to his father's love of mastery than to his mother's liking for cultural activities and "welfare," strove to improve labour conditions on the vast network of railroad lines, control of which he had inherited. He tried to make Big Business human.

So it was that, when Roosevelt introduced the New Deal, he was the only multi-millionaire who backed it. All around him, his rich friends insulted the President. Indeed, the Four Hundred boasted that they would "cut" him, as though a great President cared twopence about socialites or wished to know them. He was too busily engaged in saving his country.

Harriman became, in due course, one of the men who made the New Deal practical. He drafted some of its legislation and administered the National Recovery Act in New York. Often, his benevolent activities opposed his own personal interests.

Lend-Lease Contact Man

At a time when Britain was desperate, he was sent here as Lend-Lease contact-man in London. He soon made friends, not only with Churchill, whom he admired immensely, but Attlee, Bevin and most of the men who now head the Labour Government. After all, his enthusiastic support of the New Deal made him sympathetic with many of their social aims.

Who, then, but he could possibly succeed John Winant? Except for Henry Wallace, there is no one of whom I could think. Harriman, though, has knowledge that Wallace lacks—a very considerable understanding of world affairs.

He attended, after the Atlantic Charter meeting off Newfoundland, every major international conference of the war—Casablanca, Quebec, Cairo, Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam. No American saw, or heard, so much. Roosevelt trusted him implicitly.

More, he represented his country again in 1942 at the desperately difficult Moscow talks between Stalin and Churchill. There, his friendly smile did much to lessen suspicions that were natural in a Churchill whom Russia blamed for the Archangel expedition, and in a Stalin who could not forget. . . .

So it was natural, especially after he had made, in New York, an eloquent appeal for full aid for Russia, that Roosevelt chose him for the Moscow Embassy.

There, sharing the perils of another ally, he laboured unceasingly to get for her the aid he had obtained, two years before, for Britain.

His daughter, Kathleen, who had earlier become a Hearst reporter because she wished to be near her father in London, learned Russian so that she could act as his hostess in the Soviet capital.

Often, during interminable Kremlin banquets, he had to drink vodka and wine while a score of toasts were proposed. Once, after his plane had been aimed at by Russian gunners, he said to Stalin: "Now I've been fired at by both the English and the Russians, but never by the Germans." Time after time, in the Russian capital, he was in air raids. And, for months, he had to explain why more aid could not be sent.

Always, whatever happened, the Russians saw the Harriman smile.

When, his job done, Harriman once more reached home, he went on the air to argue that it was foolish to talk of war with Communists, against whom ill-feeling was being spread.

Unity of Aims

Now he has come here as the apostle of a unity of aims between Washington and London as the basis of a wider understanding.

Who could be more fitted for the task?

Harriman is unique—a multi-millionaire who is not owned by his wealth, a business man who has become, by a remarkable experience, a brilliant diplomat and a sportsman who has given up games to sit in the council room.

It is his sense of fairness that lets him see a glimmering of the reasons for Russia's isolationism. And it is his first-hand knowledge of the war—in the States, in Britain and in Russia—that has given him an insight into the problems of peace.

Whatever may be the troubles facing Bevin when Russia bangs her fist, Harriman will be at close hand to explain and to advise. For, unlike so many of his fellow Americans, he is by no means anti-Russian. He saw too much of the Soviet's agonies for that.

But he is pro-British to his finger-tips.

He is also one of the few Americans who realize that his own country's new greatness has responsibilities that must be faced and duties that can never be forgotten.

IS COMMUNISM A WORLD CONSPIRACY?

Communists everywhere are very active today, hoping and planning for world-wide approval of their "ideology." Why are they still regarded with doubt and even suspicion? The answer lies in the case history of Communism—what it is, how it works and what it appears to be aiming at. It is a strange and perplexing story, and the world's political future may turn on its true meaning

by DENNIS BARDENS

BRITISH COMMUNISTS, in spite of strong opposition, are pressing their application for affiliation to the Labour Party; Persian Communists back Russia against their own country; Chinese Communists fight Chinese troops in Manchuria; Canadian Communists are arrested for alleged complicity in a plot to steal the secret of the atom bomb. . . .

What does it all mean? What is Communism, and who are the Communists?

We must start at the beginning.

Nearly a hundred years ago a bearded student in his later twenties could be seen, day in and day out, poring over books in the British Museum. He was a German doctor of philosophy, Karl Marx, whose revolutionary views caused him to be expelled from Germany, France and Belgium before coming to England.

After years of intensive study, he produced the work that was to affect the lives of countless millions of people. *Das Kapital* is a theory of political economy, in which Marx, almost ignoring the spiritual struggles of history, attributed all human ills to economic conditions and advocated a classless society which would itself own the means of production. Otherwise the capitalist class would appropriate the benefits of improved industrial methods to themselves, keeping the working class in increasing dependency and poverty.

But—here we come to it—this Utopia could never be achieved by constitutional methods. The "bourgeoisie" (the middle and upper classes which must be abolished) would always resist Communism. Therefore society must be disintegrated by an intensification of class warfare and, in the resulting disorder, Communists must create a revolution and establish the "dictatorship of the proletariat" (working class).

Marx does not apologize, nor have his followers ever since, for the fact that revolution is followed by a dictatorship. It is necessary, they say, while the new classless society is being planned. This is the stock answer to those who point out that Russia still has a virtual dictatorship, with one political party, secret police and State-controlled Press and radio, after twenty-nine years.

Marx was a careful scholar and genuine idealist but others with similar integrity and equal access to the facts found serious flaws in his arguments. His assumption that a particular class of society has all the virtues and the other none at all is plainly false—Jack the Ripper was as much a man of the people as Tom Paine.

Marx's Secret Society

He ignored the part played by limited liability companies in distributing capital, could not foresee the important role which trade unions were to play and apparently did not see that civil war, with its attendant horrors and misery, is the worst of all foundations for a new society.

Marx was in constant contact with sympathizers all over the world, through a secret society called the "League of the Just." Later, in 1864, he founded the International Working Men's Association, a world organization with revolution as its aim.

For many years the organization went smoothly.

The Second International, having no relation to the Communists, was established in 1889.

The first World War made Communism a world

America's Earl Browder | France's Maurice Thorez | Britain's Harry Pollitt | Jugoslavia's Marshal Tito

Leading Communists of various countries are often charged with receiving direct instructions from Moscow. Their "political somersaulting" amazes the world

force. Agitators had an easy field in tsarist Russia, with its despotic feudalism, anti-semitism and grinding poverty. The most backward of all European countries, its resources were drained and its inefficient bureaucracy strained when, in 1917, the Germans smuggled Lenin into Russia to start a revolution.

From that moment Russia became the spiritual and administrative home of the world Communist movement which came under the discipline and direction of the Third International, formed in Moscow in 1919. It established branches—the Communist Parties—in thirty-one countries.

These Communist Parties worked everywhere for the disintegration of their respective countries. Their first task was agitation and class warfare, widening the schism between different classes by their constant portrayal of a "groaning proletariat" and a surfeited, parasitic ruling class.

Despite many protests from other governments, especially from America, the propaganda was rigidly controlled from Moscow. Under its constitution the Third International (*a*) decided the policy of all its sections, of which the Communist Party of Great Britain was one; (*b*) instructed them and controlled their activities; (*c*) had an obligatory call on their prompt obedience; (*d*) could amend or annul decisions; (*e*) had to endorse all their programmes; and (*f*) could send to any section representatives responsible solely to Moscow.

Russia, it may well be, considered herself entitled to possess some means of countering in other countries propaganda hostile to herself. But although Communists everywhere extolled the Soviet way of life, they seemed to forget that Russia has never had any tradition of free thought and constitutional democracy, and that a regime which might in her case be an improvement on the old one, would be anything but an improvement in a country like Britain.

Subservience to Russia

Communism grew on the Continent in the inter-war years but never obtained any considerable following here. After twenty-six years, the British Communist Party has less than 15,000 members.

They have been very active with their propaganda but command little support among the working class. Their complete subservience to Russia and obvious distaste for accepted democratic methods inspire little confidence in a country with so strong a trade union movement, and where, even before the war, one third of our national revenue was spent on social services.

Lenin was constantly advising the sections of the Third International to collaborate with "bourgeois" institutions as a means of infiltration. But our Labour Party has consistently refused Communist applications for affiliation.

What makes Communism so obnoxious to those who are fighting for the working-class cause is that for Communists any means justify their end. Their policy changes as rapidly and as unpredictably as Russia's.

Russia's needs and policy are faithfully reflected in Communist propaganda, and this was never more startlingly demonstrated than at the time of her treaty with Germany.

As the Labour Party points out in regard to the latest Communist application for affiliation:

"The continual activities of the Communist Party in this country between September 3, 1939, and June, 1941, were characterized by political somersaulting of the most contemptible kind. At the critical moment in British history when this country was, in the eyes of the civilized world, the only resistance bastion of democracy, the Communist Party seized every opportunity of creating disaffection and defeatism."

In 1935 Communist Parties were instructed to drop the slogan, "Workers of the world, unite!" and take an anti-Fascist line. They were militant opponents of Fascism in Germany and Italy, and sent volunteers to Spain to fight against Franco. They urged intervention in Abyssinia, Spain and Manchuria.

But Russia signed an alliance with Germany just before the Fascist plague broke upon the working class of Europe. Then what? The Communists forgot, overnight, everything they had said and written about the concentration camps, the Gestapo and Fascist aggression. All over the world the Communist Parties, with complete unanimity, worked against the Allied cause and preached submission to Germany.

Germans as "Liberators"

Never had the unity of the Third International been doubted by political observers. But this was proof!

In France, the Communist Press denounced their country's defenders as "rabble" and referred to their German "liberators." Maurice Thorez, the Communist leader, deserted from the French Army in September, 1939, was reported to be in Germany, and appeared later in Moscow, where he broadcast to his people in French telling them not to resist the Germans.

In Britain, in 1939, the Communist Press preached defeatism. It was just another capitalist war, now. The self-appointed champions of the working class had nothing to say of German bombs that were falling, in 1940, on working-class homes in London and the provinces.

Earl Browder, at that time leader of the Communists in America, was warning Americans against "attempts to coerce them into an imperialist war."

In India Communists made trouble in Calcutta, New Delhi and Lahore, and campaigned against assisting Britain with her war effort.

The Third International set the pace in a May Day Manifesto, issued only a few weeks before Russia was attacked, which spoke of the "Anglo-French incendiaries and their social-democratic lackeys."

Then Russia was attacked by Germany. Overnight the Communists put their propaganda machine into reverse.

Earl Browder, American Communist leader, discovered that it was a war for freedom after all.

The Third International was formally dissolved by Stalin in 1943. Russia needed Allied help then, and it was useful to imply that she had no further interest in promoting revolution. Yet nothing in Communist activity since supports the assumption that they have renounced their habitual policy of being loyal to Russia first. Let us look at some recent Communist activities.

When Russia attacked British policy in Indonesia and Greece, Communist newspapers throughout the world gave full publicity to the accusations but none to the repudiations. Abuse and slander reached a new crescendo in the French Communist newspaper *L'Humanité*—vocal again now that the Germans had been expelled. They accused Britain of atrocities in Greece and Indonesia.

Throughout the Persian dispute, the Communist Press everywhere has supported Russia and attacked Persia, the *Daily Worker* in Britain accusing the Persian Premier of "jingoism with a vengeance" for saying that Teheran would be defended if attacked. In Jugoslavia, which is under Communist control (a dictatorship of the proletariat which includes the Ozna secret police, State-controlled Press and radio and a rigid censorship), the Press is full of vilification of Britain, though only UNRRA supplies, nearly eighty per cent of which come from Britain, have kept the Jugoslavs from starvation this winter.

And when Russia wants something, the Communists still back her case against that of their own country. Persian Communists back the Russians against their own Government. In Manchuria's three rich provinces, seized by Japan in 1932, the Communists are fighting the Chinese National Army and occupying towns evacuated by Russians.

In Europe the Communists are proving their contempt for democratic methods. They are assuming control by threats of force.

Advance Column

The spread of Communism is, of course, an inevitable reaction after the suppression and tyranny which have swept across Europe; it is helped by the poverty and instability which are an aftermath of any war. It is true that Communists, among others, played a great and valuable part in the underground movement.

It is equally correct to say that Communism has not renounced its fundamental policy of revolution by force and government by force. It is still the case that Communists put their loyalty to Russia first and that because of this Russia can be sure that if she wants anything from a country, the Communist Party there will help her get it.

In this sense, such parties are an advance column for Russia, and if it came to a choice between loyalty to her or to their own country, they might prove a fifth column. The alleged implication of Canadian Communists in the recent spy plot to steal information about the atom bomb is, to say the least, disturbing.

In brief, all the evidence goes to show that Communists everywhere share a common policy, submit to a central direction and have little regard for the hard-won principles of democratic government. While this is so, they must expect to be regarded with suspicion.

As I was saying ★ ★ by Herbert Hodge

A LITTLE PRAISE GOES A LONG WAY

"We don't have to be little rays of sunshine—but a bit of praise, where it's due, can work miracles," says JOHN BULL's homely philosopher

IT STRUCK ME THE OTHER DAY that though many of us are good criticizers, very few of us seem to be good praisers. We tend to be good at pointing out the things that are wrong, but bad at pointing out those that are right.

I was riding in a London cab at the time. It was a very old cab—so old that in normal times it would have been refused a licence by the Public Carriage Office and long since sent to the scrapheap.

Anyone could see that, and some passengers would have been at pains to point it out to the driver—just in case he didn't know.

Being an old London cabman myself, I wasn't in danger of making that kind of mistake. But that, of course, was due to my good luck rather than my good judgment. If I'd been riding in an equally ancient river steamboat, for instance, I might have gone out of my way to mention its infirmities to a member of the crew, and possibly have been surprised that he showed no great desire to listen to my kindly criticism.

But, casting a professional eye over this cab—and listening to its various rattles and moans with a professional ear—what struck me most about it was not its age but its wonderful condition, considering its age.

The inside was spotlessly clean; all the metalwork was gleaming, and the woodwork and leatherwork had that fine, deep, rich old polish that comes of years of loving care and elbow grease.

The transmission, of course, was noisy, especially in the lower gears. But as we made our way through the traffic, I noticed that the clutch, brakes and steering were in first-class condition. The engine, too, was pulling well.

A Cab To Be Proud Of

That cab must have been quite fifteen years old. Thinking of those fifteen years of hard labour in London traffic — including six years of war conditions, blitzes, the difficulty of getting repairs done, and the practical impossibility of getting new parts—I felt this was a cab a man could be proud of.

So when I got out I told the driver so.

I don't think I've ever seen a man so pleased. He glowed all over.

As I had thought, it was his own cab, and I was right in thinking it was fifteen years old and had been on the road all through the war. But where I was doubly and trebly right was in not keeping those thoughts to myself.

I realized, when I saw his responsive glow, what a thoroughly worthwhile thing I'd done. By expressing the admiration I felt, I had, as it were, handed him a lasting lump of happiness—something that would recur again and again to his mind, and please him every time he thought of it.

"The driver glowed all over"

And, perhaps, when he got tired of the more usual kind of comment—"This old boiler's got one foot in the grave, like its driver," or "Can't understand why you don't set fire to it and collect the insurance"—when he began to feel it wasn't worth while taking such care of the old cab any more, why then, perhaps, the knowledge that a few passengers, at least, appreciated his good work, might encourage him to keep on.

I don't want to get sentimental about it, though it's got its sentimental side. Nor am I suggesting that we should all try to be little rays of sunshine, shedding sweetness and light wherever we go.

When I meet a human ray of sunshine, I usually want to kick him. Or her. Especially her. The devil in me, I suppose. I hate professional cheerers-up—the sort who slap you on the back and ask you what you're looking so miserable about. What's it got to do with them, anyway? Sometimes I like feeling miserable. It's one of life's little luxuries.

But we could, most of us, it seems to me, do a lot more in the way of praising than we do. It's right enough that we should forever seek perfection—right that we should forever be discontented, forever be striving to make things better than they are.

Yet, in nearly every little thing that anybody does—no matter how far it may be from perfection—there is nearly always, somewhere, something that's good. An ounce of praise for the little that's good is often far more useful in helping them to do better than a ton of criticism about the part that's bad.

"You're Beautiful"

Even where there's nothing in the work itself to praise, you can sometimes find another way of achieving the same effect.

I remember the problems of a pal of mine. He was employed in an engineering works. Early in the war, he suddenly found himself promoted to foreman—and put in charge of a group of girls. He had never worked with girls before, and the girls had never worked at engineering before. So he was in a bit of a quandary.

As he told me, he didn't know quite how to deal with them. What made it worse, the job they were doing was a bit awkward and, though the girls had had some sort of war-time training, hardly any of them were able to turn the job out right first time. They were making small parts for aircraft.

One morning, when a girl showed him yet again a part that wouldn't do, he puzzled his brains to think of some way of telling her so without upsetting her too much.

Meeting the look in her eye, he decided she'd probably got a temper. All the same, she wasn't bad looking.

Then he suddenly said: "Has anyone ever told you how beautiful you are?"

She was a bit taken aback—then she flushed with pleasure. Yes, she had been told she was beautiful, she admitted. But never in all her life by a foreman!

"Ah, well," said my pal. "Even a foreman can't help noticing it. And now, about this job . . ."

But the fact that the job was wrong was now a mere detail. No hard feelings anywhere. She went off very happily to put it right.

Nag, Nag, Nag

Of course, a bit of praise where praise is due doesn't always have the expected result. I remember once, as a young man, being warmly praised by the boss in person for a special bit of work I'd done—and thereby putting the foreman's nose out of joint. After that, there was nothing I could do to please the foreman. It was nag, nag, nag, all day long. And it ended in the sack.

When I saw the boss, just before departing, he said he was very sorry, but he couldn't afford to quarrel with such a good foreman, and he'd give me an excellent reference any time I wanted it. . . . And that was that.

However, I don't think that sort of thing happens very often. I know I've always done better work in return for a little praise than I have in response to a lot of nagging.

It seems to me the whole of industry would run better with a little more praise occasionally applied to the wheels. The same goes for the average home, too. And the average school.

It's possible, of course, to overdo it. Indiscriminate praise defeats its own object. To be praised for everything one does—good, bad and indifferent—is no help at all. If you believe it, it's bad for you because it makes you conceited. And if you don't believe it, it's merely embarrassing.

But from what I see of life these days, I'd say there isn't much danger of many of us being spoiled by over-praise.

But while praise may be sentimental there's no need for it to be silly. It can work wonders.

It can at least add a little to the sum of human happiness. And, when you come to think of it, adding what little one can to the sum of human happiness is probably the only really satisfactory objective in human life.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Let them bounce!

THERE ARE PEOPLE from whom troubles and anxieties and setbacks seem to rebound like hailstones from a tin roof. What we should do is to study them, and then try to emulate them. For such people have learned one of the great safeguards of life. They have learned resilience.

Everyone should try to cultivate resilience, the ability to let the unpleasant side of things bounce off instead of sinking in and wounding and embittering. It's not so difficult an art to acquire, hard though you may think it at first sight. It needs practice.

It needs clear thinking. It needs a steady view of life and human relationships, and a willingness to pick up the broken pieces and try again without repining, self pity or regret.

Whatever you suffer, there are those who have suffered far more and made less fuss about it. However hard-hit you may think yourself, others have been far harder hit, and pulled through.

Half our troubles come through the false idea of immunity with which we lull ourselves. Far better to realize that almost anything can happen to us and probably will! Then whatever happens can be seen in something like proportion. Nothing can get the human spirit down if that spirit is determined to stay up.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

It wasn't good enough, old Data dying without making a will. Ianto and Madoc decided that he would have to come back to settle financial details in their favour

by CLIFFORD EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY PAINE

HE WAS DEAD. There was no doubt about that.

Between them the two brothers carefully carried the corpse into the farmhouse. Gently, they laid the body of their father on the sofa in the best room. As if in respect for the dead, the farm had gone as still as a Sunday afternoon. Only the tick of the grandmother clock padded softly to and fro in the quietness of the parlour. The brothers breathed heavily after the strain of carrying the body.

Their father had been a big man. Ianto wiped his forehead with the back of his hand; Madoc nursed his wrist. Both stared down at the dead face of their father. There was no doubt about it. He was as dead as yesterday.

Standing in the dim parlour that smelt vaguely of camphor and moth balls, and that was never used except when an occasional chapel minister came to stay over Sunday, both brothers were thinking the same thought. Their father had died without making his will.

Simultaneously they looked at a silver framed photograph on the mantelpiece. It was the photograph of a young man in cap and gown. It had been taken when their elder brother, Rowland, had been made a B.A. at Lampeter College. A vicar in Swansea he was now, married to an Englishwoman. Rowland didn't have a nice face even in a silver frame.

AT last Madoc, who was less excitable than Ianto, said: "It's no good. There it is. There's nothing we can do now. Data's gone without making a will. Our Rowland, you can bet, will claim the whole blinkin' capoodle. We shall have to live on his charity."

Ianto shook his head. "Will we hell! Oh, no, we won't! Data said the farm and the five hundred pounds in Carmarthen Bank was to be ours. Rowland had his share to pay for his schooling."

Madoc shrugged his shoulders. "What can we do?"

"We still got brains left, haven't we?"

They took the peacock blue silk shawl from off the table. Ever since Uncle Dan had sent it to their mother years ago from San Francisco the blue silk shawl had been used as a table cloth in the best parlour. With great care they now used it as a pall to cover the dead body. Then, quietly, they went out of the room shutting the door gently.

In the kitchen grate the fire was burning low. Ianto threw on a log and watched a crowd of sparks shower up the chimney clinging to the soot like stars. Madoc sat in an old rocking chair in front of the fire and rocked himself slowly. He rested his chin on his breast, and his fingers drummed on the arm of the chair.

Ianto moved over to the window and looked out at the day. It was going to rain. He saw an old brown hen rooting about in the yard and complaining about it. She lifted her head sharply, jerking it from side to side in a quick back and forth movement as if to see if she were being watched. Plymouth Rocks were good layers, Ianto thought; but this one was long past her prime. She'd be good only for boiling now. And then he shook his head and cursed himself for letting his mind wander on hens. His livelihood was at stake without that confounded will.

"Dammo, what a shame!" he exclaimed.

"What?" said Madoc stopping his rocking chair.

"A shame we didn't have time to get Crowthers, the solicitor, here to take Data's will down before he died."

"Crowthers?" said Madoc. "Data would have wanted old Price, King's Street."

"Crowthers, the new solicitor, does not know everyone's business like old Price," said Ianto. "Very smart everyone says Crowthers is."

"Data had never clapped eyes on him," replied Madoc mournfully.

There was a long silence. Then suddenly: "Dammo, you're dead right, our Madoc!" said Ianto, as an idea brilliant as sunlight flashed through his brain. "I know what we can do. . . ."

Ianto closed the kitchen door although there was nobody within miles of the farm except old Daio Jones, the cobbler, who lived in a leaking cottage about half a mile up the valley. Pulling a chair up to the fireplace and throwing another log on the fire, Ianto explained his plan to his brother.

LATER that evening, after the sun had gone, big fat rain clouds gathered over the valley. From the open doorway of his cottage, Daio the cobbler squinted up at the sky. Rain was his bugbear. The thatch in the old cottage roof was sadly in need of repair. He had managed to patch the biggest hole with a sheet of corrugated zinc from a pig trough which the farm had given him for helping a bit with the hedging. But the roof still leaked.

The only thing that Daio had had plenty of all his life was bad luck. Married young he had, and to the prettiest face in the parish. Then one day the pretty face ran away with a handsome gipsy fellow who used to come round selling gardening tools. After losing his wife, Daio, who once won second prize at the Eisteddfod singing "Worthy is the Lamb," lost his voice. Some said it was the shock.

Anyway it was forty years ago now, but ever since then everything had gone wrong for Daio. Big things and little things. If he went out without his

Crowthers had pen and paper ready and bent nearer the bed, the better to hear the old man's hoarse whisperings

overcoat it would pour with rain; if he wore his coat the sun would broil. Indeed Fate had buffeted him about so much that he cared for nothing any longer except to have something to eat, to try to keep warm, and wait for the sweet chariot that would one day swing low and carry him home.

This evening he peered up at the evening sky and hoped that the rain would keep off. He had no sooner got indoors when big drops of rain began to fall.

Then Fate repented. It all happened very quickly. The brothers Ianto and Madoc, Big Farm, descended on the cottage and carried Daio home with them in their horse and trap.

BACK at the farm they sat Daio at the round table in front of a roaring fire and gave him a whole boiled Plymouth Rock chicken to eat all for himself, with boiled potatoes and broad beans that melted in the mouth like butter. Apple dumplings, smothered in brown sugar and deep in creamy milk, followed.

They gave him a large mug of home-brewed ale to wash it all down. Daio had never had such a meal in all his life. Of course the whole thing must be a dream. At any moment, he felt, he would be wakened by the rain dripping on him from the leaking roof of the cottage. But till then he would enjoy himself. Daio stretched his legs out to the blaze. His belly was full of good food and his whole body was suffused with a warm glow of wellbeing.

Ianto and Madoc sat on the opposite side of the table eating nothing, but watching their guest intently. Ianto looked down at Daio's plate and saw the pile of chicken bones that had once been his prize Plymouth Rock. They were sucked clean. Madoc flicked a crumb from the table and looked at Ianto as if he were waiting for his brother to speak.

"How was the chicken, Daio?" Ianto asked.

Daio sucked his teeth loudly. "Champion, Ianto *bach*. Champion," he said, in that lost voice of his.

"More ale, Daio?"

Daio closed his eyes for a moment as if thinking about it and then nodded his head slowly. Ianto filled the mug with foaming ale right up to the top till the froth brimmed over and ran down the sides of the mug.

The ale, instead of fuddling Daio's brain, seemed to clear it. This was certainly no dream; but there was a catch somewhere, of that Daio was sure. He had known the old farmer and his family all his life.

The only thing they had ever given him was that bit of old zinc sheeting from the pig trough to patch the roof. And that was in payment for a bit of hedging he had done for them. Daio sipped at his ale.

"How is the old man your father, boys?" he ventured.

In the pause that followed, Daio heard the wind outside tugging at the farmhouse door and the rain beating on the roof.

"Data is dead," said Ianto, quietly.

"Dead?" breathed Daio.

"Yes. He died in the stable this afternoon as he was taking down the grey mare's harness from behind the door."

Daio drew in his legs.

"His body," went on Ianto in the same quiet voice, "is laid out on the sofa in the best parlour."

Daio's mouth went dry, his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Something was up. This was no dream. Suddenly he felt afraid. He looked at Ianto. He looked at Madoc. Had they killed the old man and were now going to put the blame on someone else? Why had they been filling him with food and drink? Ianto began to talk again.

"Data was very fond of you, Daio, you know that?" Daio did not know any such thing, but he readily agreed.

"Many a time he told us that he was going to leave something for you in his will to pay for the mending of that old roof of yours. Didn't he, Madoc?"

"Many a time," agreed Madoc.

"But Data died without making a will; so the farm and five hundred pounds in Carmarthen Bank will go by law to our brother Rowland who wasn't to have a penny piece."

Ianto stopped and cleared his throat. Daio thought he ought to say something and so he said: "That's a great shame indeed. Yes indeed."

Ianto leaned forward across the table. "But Madoc and I have thought of a way out." Now at last it was coming, thought Daio.

"Yes," went on Ianto, "Madoc and I have thought of a good way out: and we want you to help us, Daio. If you do that, you shall have money to mend the roof and plenty of eggs and butter from the farm any time you please."

Daio felt the perspiration trickling down his temple and under his ear. The sting, he knew, would be in the tail.

"What do you want me to do?" His voice was hardly audible.

"What did you say?" asked Ianto.

"What is it I can do for you?" repeated Daio, putting a bit more breath behind his words.

"Listen. We'll tell you," said Ianto, and took a deep breath before starting. "First thing tomorrow morning Madoc will go down to Carmarthen on the grey mare and call on Crowthers' smart lawyer who's just opened an office in town. Madoc will tell him that father is very ill and wants to make his will; would Mr. Crowthers be so kind as to come out to the farm at once and take down the will on paper. Now Crowthers, being new to the town, does not know anybody's business in these parts as yet, and what is more important——"

Here Ianto slowed down to give his words added emphasis. "What is more important, Crowthers has never seen father. So he won't know what father looked like. Remember that. In the meantime you will be lying in the big four-poster bed in the front room upstairs, and pretend to be father. When Crowthers arrives he won't know the difference, and will think that he's talking to father.

"THEN you will dictate the will as father would have done saying that you leave the farm and the five hundred pounds in Carmarthen Bank to Madoc and me, and nothing for Rowland. Crowthers will take it all down and you will sign the paper by making your mark: a cross. That's all. After Crowthers has gone we will make it known that father died suddenly later in the day." Ianto stopped speaking, leaned back in his chair and looked at his brother. Madoc nodded his approval.

"Well, Daio, what do you say? Will you do it?"

"What if there's a hitch and I'm found out?"

"This sort of thing is sufficient—we don't like people playing on the emotions of our drivers"

Ianto got up. "There can be no hitch, man."

"What if the lawyer starts asking me questions?"

"Don't answer. Madoc and I'll be in the room and we'll do all the talking. All you've got to do is to let Crowthers have the will. Well, what do you say?"

"I'll get my new room and the eggs and butter like you promised?"

"You will so," said Madoc, "and what's more you shall have a bit of the best spare-rib every time we kill a pig. How's that?"

"Champion," said Daio, without very much feeling.

"Good. Fill up then," said Ianto, "and let's have a drink on it." And he filled three mugs to overflowing.

Next morning Daio was bathed, shaved, dressed in one of their father's flannel nightshirts and put to bed in the front room upstairs. The brothers rehearsed him in the will over and over again until he was word perfect. Then when they were satisfied, the grey mare was saddled and Madoc galloped off to Carmarthen to fetch Crowthers the solicitor.

Upstairs with Daio in the bedroom, Ianto put a glass of water, a bowl of thin gruel, and an orange on the bedside table to add a touch of realism.

"Remember," said Ianto, walking restlessly up and down, "no talking. Just say the will, make a cross for your name and then turn over and go to sleep. That's all. We'll do all the talking."

An hour went by. Daio got more and more nervous.

"How do I look?" he asked.

"Terrible," said Ianto. "And that voice of yours is damn perfect."

The grandmother clock downstairs in the parlour struck eleven. At last they heard the sound of a horse and trap coming into the back yard.

"Good luck, Daio *bach* and mind your 'p's' and 'q's,'" said Ianto, and rushed downstairs.

As he passed the parlour door he turned the key in the lock and put the key in his pocket. Just as well to make sure that there was no risk of Crowthers' solicitor wandering into the front room where the corpse lay under the blue peacock shawl.

HE met Crowthers and Madoc in the kitchen. Crowthers was older than Ianto had expected; a little gimlet of a man with glasses.

"This is my brother, Ianto," said Madoc.

"How do you do," said Crowthers crisply and in a slightly nasal voice. "How is the patient?"

"Very ill indeed, thank you," replied Ianto in sepulchral voice.

"Don't worry, he'll pull through all right. They tell me he's a tough old bird. Besides, the doctor will be here soon."

"The doctor?" repeated Ianto. Damn! He hadn't thought of that.

"Yes," said Crowthers. "We met him by Nott's monument getting out of his trap. He said he'd come just as soon as he'd delivered Mrs. Lloyd's new baby. Shall we go upstairs now?"

Daio was lying with his eyes tightly closed, his lips pursed and his nostrils slightly dilated.

Crowthers shook his head as though he didn't like the look of the patient, and turning to Ianto whispered: "Your brother tells me there is another son, Rowland. Has he been informed?"

"Not yet," said Ianto, thinking he'd better stick to the truth as much as he could and wishing that Madoc had kept his big mouth shut about Rowland. Ianto cleared the bedside table, brought

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WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

Anyway, We Won

LAST WEEK I GAVE SOME IDEAS ON an American film of Britain's part in the war. Now I'm wondering why a British film has not been specially made to be shown as part of the victory celebrations next month.

Such a film would obviously be made by Empire Britannica Pictures, as one of their usual efforts intended to knock Hollywood for a row of tip-up seats.

The film starts in Lady ffitz-ffrench's house in Mayfair. Derek, a boyish lieutenant, is saying goodbye to Diana ffitz-ffrench. They are sitting at opposite ends of a large settee, and ten minutes' small talk establishes the fact that they are in love and he is just going abroad.

At last, he says in a stifled voice, "I know I've got an awful nerve . . . asking, I mean . . . but do you . . . do you think you could possibly wait for me? I'll come back. . . ."

"Oh, my sweet," says Diana. "Ay'll wait for you for evah!"

He takes her in his arms for a second, then says curtly, "Chin up, old girl!" and is gone.

IMMEDIATELY the film cuts to the kitchen of the same house. Annie, the housemaid, is saying goodbye to her soldier boy friend, who is going abroad with the lieutenant.

The girl says, "Ow, do look arter yerself, Bill."

"Corblimey, 'corse I will," he replies. "Wot d'yer fink I am—a ruddy 'ero or somefink."

This is very funny and goes on for twenty minutes.

It would take too long to give you more. Besides you know it all. There is a fierce sergeant who shouts at Bill and a fierce brigadier who shouts at Derek. There is a square yard of the deck of a troopship which is moved up and down against a background of painted sky. There is an impenetrable canvas jungle and an elephant trap into which the sergeant falls.

Meanwhile, Diana meets that fascinating charmer, Major Montmorency, of the Ministry of Home-based Intelligence.

ONE evening he gives her champagne laced with high-octane spirit, and proposes marriage. Goodness, she is so muzzy she's going to say yes! Oh, thank heaven, here's a telegraph boy. Horrors! Derek has been severely wounded.

The intrepid little woman slips into her Norman Hartnell flying suit and is off in a plane. She arrives at the jungle hospital with a smear of oil on her face and the two fall into each other's arms.

A double wedding is planned between Derek and Diana, and Bill and Annie. THE END. FOOD FLASH. WASTE NOT WANT NOT. BREAD IS THE STAFF OF LIFE.

W. R. Hammond, leading his team at Old Trafford, typifies the right sort of "bright" cricket

THIS "BRIGHT" CRICKET!

Certainly we want keen play—but let it be sensible. There's danger in this loose talk about "brighter" cricket. It must stop

says JOHN MACADAM

NOW THAT THE county cricket season has got itself under way, the cry of "brighter cricket" is likely to be heard in the land, and this is to tell people advocating such childish nonsense that they are asking for the moon.

Cricket is like the punch of the old days—the punch of which somebody said: "It isn't as good as it used to be," and somebody else said: "It never was."

I have spoken with most of the important people in the game in the past few weeks and the general impression seems to be that the counties are going all out to play as attractive cricket as they can. They will field the best sides they have available, but it is a fact that a considerable number of players are still serving in the Forces. The old players are older than they were and the up-and-comers are still untried.

Nevertheless, they mean to go all out for popular support and the first thing that will spoil the sport will be a lot of crying for "brighter" cricket.

"The kind of brighter cricket some of the thoughtless people demand would kill the game in a few weeks," declared Colonel R. S. Raitt-Kerr, secretary of the M.C.C., the other day. "A select committee has recommended that the counties go out for finishes wherever possible but, apart from that, it is difficult to see what else can be done."

Who's to Blame?

The fact is, although the cricket authorities are diffident about saying this, that the main fault lies with the spectators, too many of whom are not conversant with the finer points of the game and are not in a proper state of mind to appreciate cricket played with the three-day conclusion in mind.

Certainly, there has been a tendency in the past on the part of groundsmen to over-prepare their wickets, with the result that whatever the efforts of the bowlers, the ball came off them like a piece of cold rice pudding. You have to think only of Old Trafford, Trent Bridge and the Oval to remember three grounds that were practically ruined from the brighter cricket point of view by their groundsmen.

Doped wickets have been almost the death of cricket and the M.C.C. is fully aware of this—hence the select committee hint to the counties.

The war period has been an unexpected help here. Groundsmen have had neither the time nor the material in the past six years to immobilize wickets. A colleague who walked across Old Trafford recently walked into the heavy roller arriving at the ground for the first time since the start of the war. So Old Trafford will play a bit livelier for a time, at least.

This liveliness will be apparent all over the counties in the first months of the first post-war season and the rest will depend on the bowlers and their ability to make the best use of the undoctored wickets. Not only undoctored wickets, but quicker handling of the new ball will help the bowlers.

"Plum" (Sir Pelham) Warner is no longer on the active cricket list but his mind is still actively on the side of the players.

"There is a great deal of nonsense talked about 'brighter' cricket," he told me. "It must be remembered that a game of cricket is really a miniature battle. A side has two primary functions—first to attack and second to defend. Now, what happens in a real battle? If a general can win his battle he will win, of course. If he cannot win, does he say: 'All right, then. We shall lose'? Of course not.

"He gets as many of his men and as much of his material away in successful retreat as he can. In other words, he forces a draw.

"That is what it is like in cricket. Some of the finest matches that I have seen have ended in draws—and they have been exciting up to the last ball."

One such finish that springs to mind was that between Warwickshire and Middlesex at Edgbaston around ten years ago when Wyatt went in near the close of the third day with a deficiency of some 300. It would have been easy to write the game off and indulge in some fancy hitting. Wyatt settled in and got a 100 in very little time. The game was drawn and not a spectator left the ground until stumps were drawn. How can cricket like this be described as "dull"?

Colonel R. S. Raitt-Kerr, secretary of the M.C.C., dislikes "thoughtless people"

"So much depends on the captain," says Sir Pelham. "The captain is a reflex of his eleven and if he is a fighter, then the entire eleven will fight. There you will get your brighter cricket—when a whole side fights to the last ball. That is the essence of cricket. There is too much loose talk about 'brighter' cricket with too little understanding of just what that means.

"The game is perfectly all right as it is. All that is required is a better all-round understanding of it. Certainly we want keen cricket, but it must be sensible.

No Doped Wickets

"As for wickets—we want them good, but not too good. These doped wickets are bad for the game.

"And as for cricketers—there are lots of good ones about. They have always been saying that they are not so good a crop as this past year and that past year. Don't believe it. They are just as good as ever they were. They will play some pretty attractive cricket if they are left alone, too."

Sir Pelham was expressing his own personal views but, with his great hold on the game, they can be taken as authoritative. Combined with the expression of Colonel Raitt-Kerr, they represent enlightened cricket opinion.

The Indians are an attractive fielding and batting side according to all Service colleagues who have seen them on the hard wickets at home. They will do a great deal towards brightening up the current season and preparing our Test men for the Australian tour at the end of the year.

The slogan "Brighter Cricket" can very well be discarded for a better one—"Let Cricket alone."

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pen, ink and paper from the dresser and put a chair for Crowthers.

"Thank you," said the solicitor, not very warmly, thought Ianto, who didn't like the look of Crowthers at all.

Gingerly, Ianto approached the bed. Daio was now breathing hard.

"Data. Mr. Crowthers' solicitor from Carmarthen has come to take down your will like you asked."

Daio's lips moved.

"What does he say?" said Crowthers.

"He's asking for water," said Ianto, and gave Daio a sip from a glass. Then Daio muttered something again.

"He wants you to take down the will now," said Ianto.

Crowthers had pen and paper ready and bent nearer the bed the better to hear Daio's hoarse whisperings.

"I leave the farm," began Daio, "livestock, all farming tools and all the land, twenty-five acres, to——"

"Can he speak a little slower?" asked Crowthers, peering up over the rims of his spectacles at Ianto who was standing by the head of the bed.

"A bit slower, father," muttered Ianto.

IANTO strained to listen if he could hear Dr. Harris's horse and trap coming into the yard. But there was nothing as yet. Time was precious.

"Yes?" said Crowthers at last, ready now to go on again.

"Farming tools and all the land, twenty-five acres, to——"

"Go on, father!" urged Ianto.

"We needn't hurry," said Crowthers. "Whom do you leave these things to, sir?"

Ianto felt damp all over. He could have punched Daio's head. Why didn't the fool get on with it?

"To my two sons, Ianto and Madoc, to be shared equally between them," said Daio at last.

Ianto sighed with relief.

"You leave nothing to your other son, Rowland?" asked Crowthers. Blast the man! Why couldn't he mind his own business. Daio shook his head and said: "Nothing." Very sure.

Crowthers moved to give Daio the paper to sign.

"You haven't finished, Data," blurted Ianto. He turned to the solicitor. "He's got five hundred pounds in the bank in Carmarthen."

"I see." Crowthers turned once again to the bed. "What about the five hundred pounds, sir?" he asked. "Where is that to go?"

"Five hundred pounds," bleated Daio feebly. The strain was beginning to tell on the old man.

"Yes. To whom are you going to leave the five hundred pounds?" insisted the solicitor.

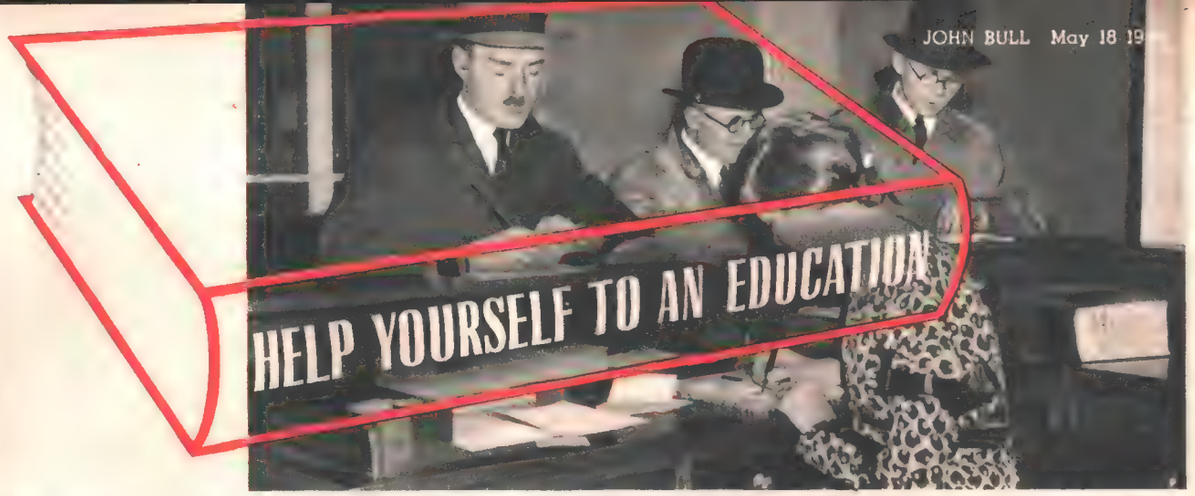
Daio opened his eyes. Crowthers noticed that they were unusually blue and very bright. When he started to speak his voice was quite loud. Crowthers was a little startled. This was very like the lightening before death that he had often heard about. But Daio was speaking.

"I leave the five hundred pounds in Carmarthen Bank," he said firmly, "to my old friend Daio Jones, the cobbler, who lives in an old broken-down cottage called Pant Glas, just up the valley."

Then he signed his cross on the doeument and turned over on his side.

Dr. Harris didn't reach the farm till the next morning. When he did arrive, he was shocked to discover the brothers Ianto and Madoc quarrelling hammer and tongs in the kitchen downstairs; whilst upstairs, in the front room, the old man their father lay stone-cold dead in the big four-poster bed.

Daio Jones, cobbler, Pant Glas, had gone down to Carmarthen to visit his bank manager.



Make use of your local library. The world's brains are at your service

No lectures, no exams—yet an education at your fingertips. That's what Britain's libraries can mean if you know how to use them in the right way

by JOHN RICHES

YOU WOULD SCARCELY THINK that it was possible that by the simple act of filling in an application form, you could start getting yourself an excellent education for practically nothing.

No entrance fees, no learned tutors, no lectures and no examinations! All you have to do is join your own public library. You ask at the desk for a form of membership. As soon as it is filled in, you are registered as a reader, tickets are issued to you and the brains of the world, as represented in books, are at your service.

Public libraries have been in existence in this country for nearly a hundred years. At first they were permitted to spend only the product of a penny rate, and their activities were pitifully limited. But after the first World War, the value of books to the community was so apparent that the rate limitation was removed and today a town with a population of 200,000 spends perhaps the whole income of a 2d. or 3d. rate.

Thus if a penny rate, in a town of this size, yields £9,000, as much as £18,000 to £27,000 is spent on the public libraries, which is about 2s. 6d. per head of the population—a modest annual cost.

If you are going to make the best use of your public library, you should know something about how it works.

A Broader Outlook

The municipal library is managed by a committee of town councillors on behalf of the ratepayers.

As a rule, the public library is divided into three main sections, the lending library, from which books may be borrowed for reading at home; the reference library, the books of which can only be used within the building; and the junior library for boys and girls.

Now the books in the lending library are, in my opinion, the ones that will help most in providing you with a decent education. Many of my friends hold the same view. Before they joined their libraries, their ideas on a wide range of subjects were limited to such an extent that they were intolerant or biased and lacked the ability to form judgments or talk convincingly on those subjects.

Lending library books are made up from the two main streams of literature—fiction and non-fiction. Novels are easy enough to find on the shelves because they are simply arranged, alphabetically, in order of authors' names.

On the non-fiction shelves, books on nearly every subject should be available. Obviously not all the books on each subject, but at least the best books should be there. To help readers using the library, non-fiction books are arranged on the shelves in a methodical order.

Fortunately, public libraries have mostly adopted a standard classification system, known as the Dewey decimal system, named after its inventor, an American. In its broad principles this classification divides the whole realm of knowledge into ten main classes, and these are further sub-divided into ten divisions, making a hundred sub-sections.

These are capable of being indefinitely expanded, giving an elastic scheme into which a book on any branch of knowledge can be fitted.

How to Find any Book

The next point is to know how to find the class number of any book you want, so that you can locate it quickly on the shelves. This is where the non-fiction catalogue comes into operation. Every book is catalogued under the author's name and also under its subject. If you know the author's name, turn it up in the name side of the catalogue and you will find a card which represents the book you want. On the top left corner of the card you will see the class number of the book. It is quite a simple matter to track round the shelves until you find that class number.

If you don't know the author of your book, you will at least know the subject. By consulting the subject part of the catalogue you will find all the cards grouped together representing books on your subject. Each card will show author, title and the class number of the book, making it once again easy enough to find what you want.

Should some other reader already have borrowed the book you are looking for, you may be allowed to reserve it for a charge of twopence and when it is available you will be notified by postcard.

It sometimes happens that the book you are after is not in the catalogue, and this indicates that for some reason it is not stocked. If your need for the book is urgent, you stand a good chance of persuading the librarian to buy a copy.

If he agrees, he will advise you when it has been bought. This may take some weeks, however, because readers' suggestions have to go before the library committee for approval and the committee may meet only once a month.

If your suggestion is turned down, you still have an opportunity of getting the book you want through the excellent offices of the National Central Library. Besides having a great stock of books at its London centre, the Central Library acts as a pool for as many public and other libraries as care to belong to the scheme of mutual lending which, in practice, works as follows.

The country is divided into convenient geographical regions, each with its own union catalogue, and the member libraries work within their respective regions for the interchange of books. Should a region not be able to supply a book, the National Central Library has a master catalogue of all the regions and can soon locate a wanted book either from stock or from one of the regions.

Your routine, then, for borrowing through this pool system, is straightforward. You apply at the desk of your local library for the book you seek and the librarian will send a request to his regional bureau. As soon as the bureau has found the book listed in the stock of a member library, it will arrange for the book to be posted to your local library.

You will be advised by postcard when it is ready for you. A month is permitted for reading, with a possible extension of a further month.

Combined Resources

The system works well and is flexible. It ensures that, however isolated a reader may be, or however small his local library, the combined library resources of the country are accessible to him.

While the lending library contains a store of knowledge from which readers may borrow for home reading, the reference library is a treasure house of a special kind.

The reference room is more than a bureau for getting information quickly. It is a place for continuous reading, research and study. Assistants in the reference library answer each year thousands of questions, varying from the common-place to the fantastic. For instance: What is the cost of living in Kenya? What is the wording of the oath of allegiance? What are the comparative weights of the constituents of an egg shell? What are the steps of the maypole dance? What is a "Liston"? What newspapers circulate in Swansea? Who was the Procurator of London in A.D. 60?

Reference libraries make a special feature of collecting books and material relating to their own towns and counties. These are known as "local" or topographical collections. They contain books, maps, prints, parchments, manuscripts, archives and other documents.

Any odd moments you can afford in your reference library will be well spent. Get used to digging into any and every book that you can. You'll be pleasantly surprised to know how expert you become in the art of finding out for yourself. And you'll be adding to your education all the time.

Free Speech

SPORT—OUR BEST AMBASSADOR

No cigarettes—no papers • Preventing spread of tuberculosis • Payment for blood donors • More tax on overtime • Back at his job • Addresses should be readable • Programme lacking • Picasso and art

I HAVE BEEN LUCKY ENOUGH to have just visited Spain, France and Switzerland, and have been staggered to see the interest taken in British sport on the Continent. In Madrid and the smaller Spanish towns I met people who knew more than I did about the leading British soccer teams. To them, Stan Matthews and Tommy Lawton were like old friends. They ran their own local pools on our results every Saturday. They all looked forward eagerly to the day when we could send over League teams to play their own stars.

With this interest in British sport there goes a keen appreciation of our ideas of sportsmanship. I am convinced that sport is our best means of "putting over" Britain just now. The B.B.C. should give much more sporting news in its foreign services, and the authorities over here ought to make plans now for dozens of touring teams.—J. L. T., Bolsover Street, W.1.

Sweeping Change

IN MY YOUTH, I well remember the sweep as he searched the streets for orders. Today, a friend of mine asked

"Get in touch with his secretary"

a sweep who was working next door if he would call when convenient.

She was told she would have to get in touch with his secretary.—MRS. PAT TURNER, 68 Ruskin Gardens, Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex.

Odd Man Out

HOW DO I BECOME someone's "regular customer"? Since being demobbed, I need cigarettes and a paper every morning on my way to work. But several shops have told me clearly that they can serve only their regular customers.

As I have been unable to be a regular customer anywhere for five years, I am fast being forced into becoming a non-smoker and non-reader.—F. P. WHISTON, 457 New Wellfield Street, Warrington, Lancs.

Penny Wise?

AS YOU RIGHTLY pointed out recently, our dairy herds could be cleared of tuberculosis—the disease that kills about 2,000 people every year. To do so would cost some £13,000,000—about the cost of a day's war.

Instead we allow the disease to spread through milk, and then have to pay £2,000,000 a year on the upkeep of sanatoria. As I have been an invalid for thirty-three years because of infected milk, you will realize how keenly I feel about this.—MISS W. I., Near Burnley, Lancs. (Name and address enclosed.)

Blood Money?

SINCE YOUR ARTICLE suggesting that blood donors should be paid so much a pint, the subject has come up again in the newspapers. I am sure that those who volunteered throughout the war think that no price should be put on life-blood.

In my own case, I was more than repaid for all the blood I had given when I received a letter from a big London hospital saying that I was directly responsible for saving the life of a woman patient who had undergone a major operation. That letter was one of the big thrills of my life.—S. S. HARRIS, 4 Eighth Avenue, Manor Park, E.12.

Short Term Policy

WHY NOT INCREASE the tax on all overtime earnings? Then, perhaps, instead of the degrading spectacle of men pleading for overtime, we could all fight for shorter hours and better wages. Remember it has been repeatedly proved that longer hours do not mean higher production.—ADAM MCLARTY, 272 William Street, Glasgow, C.3.

Disillusioned

MY COUSIN, a corporal in the Royal Corps of Signals who had had a highly technical training, was looking forward to a job in engineering or radio when he was demobbed.

But both the advisory council and the employment exchange were very definite. "Go back to your old job," they told him.

Now he's back at the provision counter earning £3 a week. Of course, he has prospects—he may rise to be manager at £4 a week.—E. G., Edinburgh Road, Glasgow, E.1.

Youngsters and the Legion

THERE HAS BEEN CRITICISM of the British Legion, on the ground that there are too many senior officers at the top, and that there is an atmosphere of snobbishness.

May I say it is fully realized that the outlook of members of fifty or sixty is not the same as members of the last war generation? The great problem is to find the personnel in the younger age groups who are willing to give themselves freely for the sort of services rendered by "the old crocks."—FRANCIS E. RUSSELL, Hon. Sec. Penwortham Branch, 12 Moor Avenue, Howick Cross, Preston, Lancs.

Tale of Woe

I WAS CHASING A FOOTBALL when I put my foot in a hole and fractured my left ankle. As if this were not enough for one day, I opened JOHN BULL and found that the winning entry for "Bullets" was word for word the same as one I had written down and then scrapped.—J. D., Morpeth, Northumberland.

Racial Wrong-doing

AS A CLERK EMPLOYED by a War Agricultural Committee, I am allowed to take my leave all at once or in odd days. I applied for two days off to go to the races, but my application was turned down "on moral grounds."—J., Lincolnshire. (Name and address enclosed.)

Puzzles for Typists

OF COURSE, I DON'T WANT TO belittle the skill of the post office sorters, mentioned by your reader, who managed to translate the word "Casrbournem," on an envelope, as meaning Eastbourne. But I would like to put in a plea for the typist.

We find that seven out of ten correspondents write their names and addresses illegibly. We spend much time trying to decipher scrawl and to trace places in the directories. To your correspondent, his address is "home," but to a typist it is just one of thousands of addresses and might be anywhere.—MRS. J. C., Oxford. (Name and address, legibly written, enclosed.)

"Surely you remember me, reverend?"

Away from the Light

THERE ARE THOUSANDS like me in this part of the world who find their utility wireless sets will not get the Light Programme. The B.B.C. denies responsibility, so I suppose the Board of Trade is to blame.—H. D. WEBBER, 2 Fairview, Colyford, Devon.

Win on Points

OUR OFFICE PENCIL SHARPENER was fixed above the blonde typist's desk. It was amazing how often pencils needed sharpening.

I have had the sharpener moved to the

"The blonde typist's desk"

ledger clerk's corner. The saving in pencils is most noticeable.—H. W., Southampton. (Name and address enclosed.)

Picasso Kippered

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN small towns or villages will not be able to see Picasso's work easily. Let them not be downhearted. At the local fish shop they can see perfect examples of profile and full face combined—if there are any kippers on sale.—JOHN R. ROBERTSON, 80 Braewick Road, Lerwick, Shetland.

I MUST WRITE to express my appreciation of Doctor Joad's article on modern art. Individuals contacting the infinitesimal calculus for the first time, for instance, might condemn it as meaningless, but with further study they would see its essential truth. The same attitude should be applied to Picasso's work.—F. W. ASHTON, 16 Ashlake Road, S.W.16.

DOCTOR JOAD does not think it necessary that art should be understood, according to his recent JOHN BULL article. I always thought a faithful reproduction of any object was art. The work of the Old Masters was certainly a record of likenesses.

Picasso's childlike disregard for faithful representation is not art, but a cunning play on the unusual.—FRASER MITCHELL, 157 Praed Street, W.2.

Object Lesson

A LITTLE GIRL was sitting in the middle of the road and caused a motor car to pull up suddenly. What do you think she was writing? In a square, she was chalking, "Keep Death Off the Road."—MISS ANNIE BATEMAN, 60 Whins Road, Alloa.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

Win your FREE holiday!

Thanks to entering neat *Bullets*, scores of readers have already made sure of enjoying Free Holiday Weeks for Two, with *John Bull* as their host and pockets full of prize-money.

Now what about *you*? A few simple words on your coupon below can bring you and a companion the holiday of your lives. And if yours is the best *Bullet* of this Contest, your Free Holiday for Two will be to celebrate capturing a cheque for as much as £250.

See your coupon into the post by Monday, May 27, and one of this week's big Cash-plus-Holiday prizes may be yours.

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,526

FIRST PRIZE, £250 and Victory Weekend: W. M. Hatton, 3 Gloucester Road, Whitton, Middlesex: **Might Be Ours—Theirs—Feed, They're HIS!** SECOND PRIZE, £50 and Victory Weekend: A. McNeal, Drummoyne, Frimley Road, Camberley: **Arguing About Helping—America—With Mouth Full!** THIRD PRIZE, £25 and Victory Weekend: P. G. Rutledge, 57 Milton Road, Portsmouth: **Not So Simple—Giving India To Indians.** FOURTH PRIZE: £20 and Victory Weekend: J. Wilton, 126 Wellington Road North, Stockport: **Reduced To Something—Meaningless, World Without "Word."** FIFTH PRIZE, £15 and Victory Weekend: R. B. Lacey, 69 Sunnyside Road, Chesham: **Procession Of One—Advancing Up Path, Mother-in-Law!**

£10 WINNERS: D. Bennett, 40 Relugas Road, Edinburgh: **The Man Underneath—Political "Acrobats," John Citizen.** J. T. Cole, Trawl Market, Lowestoft: **Might Be Satisfying—Hunger—Unsatisfied Thirst, Remember!** Mrs. N. Duddington, 20 Lower Kenyon Street, Thorne, Doncaster: **In Famine's Grip—So Every "Holding" Important.** J. Garner, 12 Brook Street, Cardiff: **The Man Underneath—Auntie's Bed, Now Bed-ridden!** J. W. Henshaw, 12 Wrightson Avenue, Warmsworth, Doncaster: **To Punish Germany—"Impositions" Mustn't "Re-write" Nazism.** G. J. A. Hill, Chantry Bungalow, Chilton, Sudbury, Suffolk: **Happy Home—Run On "We'lls."** R. I. MacLeod, Sandaig, Kyle, Ross-shire: **Cunning Devil—But Man's Catching Up!** E. H. Mee, 1 Gladstone Road, Ipswich: **General Wifey—"Pinned *Muddle*" On Me!**

Cash has been posted to 50 winners of £1 and 1,000 of 2s. 6d.

"BULLETS" CHEQUES AND SEASIDE WEEKS

To Win In "Bullets."

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example* from end of list, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Cash For 1,063 Readers.

£250 plus Holiday; £50 plus Holiday; £25 plus Holiday; £20 plus Holiday; £15 plus Holiday; 8 Holiday Prizes of £10; 50 of £1; 1,000 of 2s. 6d.

Note:—Holiday Prize consists of week's free Hotel Accommodation for Two, arranged at Seaside Resort of your choice by Cooks Travel Service.

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

ON THE PEACE FRONT
REST OF THE WORLD
OLD ADAM
TEAM OF EXPERTS
LIFE'S STORMS
IN THE BLACK MARKET
STARVATION DIET
TO AVOID ACCIDENTS
DOCTOR SEASIDE
WITH A KISS
WHERE WE'RE GOING
NO PICNIC
VILLAGE CONSTABLE
BREATHING FIRE
QUICK WAY OUT

HAPPILY
BUTTERFLY WIFE
ALL AT ONCE
BOOBY PRIZE
OUR LODGER THINKS

Incomplete "Examples" See Instructions

BEVAN'S .....
WHEN SHE'S .....
CHANCE FOR.....
MORE THAN..... EXPECTED
GOT THE.....
DAD'S GROWING..... SO

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,530 (or XWORD 482); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

ENCLOSE 6d. for 2 "BULLETS"—1s. for 4—EXTRAS, SAME RATE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

For Holiday Offer "Bulletin" (June 8) enclose 2½d. std. add. envelope

1,530 Closing Postmark, MON., MAY 27.

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to *John Bull*, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated June 15, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD 478 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Better or Bitter. 3, Flu. 4, Sag. 5, Caste. 12, Burgle. 13, Potent. DOWN: 1, Boast. 2, Ten. 3, Foot. 6, Sage. 7, Name. 8, Billet. 9, Chop. 10, Glut. 11, Rat.

£100 SHARERS: P. J. Pinfield, 35 Mancroft Road, Tettenhall, Staffs.; T. Pinfield, 35 Mancroft Road, Tettenhall, Staffs.; Miss K. Root, 1077 Grangefield Avenue, Thornbury, Bradford.

Runners-up Award (value £25 cash) shared between 44 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive 4 lb. Fruit Cakes in addition.

XWORD CASH AND CAKES

Up to 100 big 4 lb. Fruit Cakes for Crosswords. They're added to all prizes of 5s. and over in this week's offer of Cash and Cakes—£100 First and £25 Cash for Runners-up.

Post your Square below by Monday, May 27.

Across Clues.

1. Is likely to make burglar retreat
6. One is sometimes given with splash
7. Perhaps there's a trick in this
12. May well be the making of an act
13. Liberal or Labour? Undecided voter may really be this
14. Public school education is expected to prevent a man ever being

Down Clues.

1. Man preying on society is likely to be
2. Ambition gives people these
3. You will probably recognize him by his appearance
4. A pony is a pretty good one
5. It's better to put some records on
8. When it can be avoided, school children should not be this
9. Can be entirely unsuspected until your friend blushes
10. Fire makes one more appreciated
11. Travels too quickly for some people

How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

For this one Square, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. to cover also cost of printing, dispatch and posting to you of *John Bull's* interesting and helpful *Crossword Gazette* dated June 8. If no *Gazette* required, one additional plain-paper set of Answers allowed.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, MON., MAY 27.

482

No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

.....

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Perhaps your problem needs an authoritative opinion from an expert. Then send it to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service and get the help you need

Temporary Letting

"SHORTLY I SHALL BE AWAY for three months and my house will be vacant. I want to let some friends occupy it during my absence, with an agreement that they will pay the rent to the landlord and be ready to leave on my return.

"The landlord will not agree. He says he will not accept rent from my friends and, after a month's absence on my part, he will claim the house on grounds of non-payment of rent. Is there any way out of this?"

✓ Yes, you can register the sub-letting with your local council. This will protect you, and the landlord's consent will not be necessary. You should arrange for the rent to be paid to you, and you, in your turn, should pay the landlord.

Travel to Jersey

"DURING MY OVERSEAS SERVICE I lost touch with my mother who was then living in Jersey. Now I want to go there to try to find her. How do I get a permit for travel?"

✓ It is not necessary to obtain any kind of travel permit for the Channel Islands. You can book your ticket through the Continental Department of the Southern Railway at Waterloo Station, London, S.E.1.

Factory Nuisances

"WE LIVE NEAR a factory which uses a process that causes a great deal of dust in the neighbourhood. The local council gave instructions that the nuisance must be stopped, and for a time things were better. Now they are as bad again.

"Recently another nearby factory has started making so much noise at night that we cannot sleep. Is there anything we can do?"

✓ You can only press the council to take speedy action to get the nuisances abated. If they do not do so, you should send a complaint to the Ministry of Health, Whitehall, S.W.1.

Bungalow Designs

"AFTER I AM RELEASED from the Forces I intend building my own bungalow. I have made a number of designs, but should like to see specimens made by architectural experts. Where can I find any?"

✓ The Ministry of Works, Lambeth Bridge, London, S.E.1, can provide you with copies of approved styles which should interest you.

Charges on Sale

"RECENTLY I SOLD a house and, when the purchaser gave me half the money, I gave him the deeds. The other half of the money is being loaned by a Building Society. What charges shall I have to pay?"

✓ It is very unusual to give the deeds to the purchaser before the full amount has been paid, especially if a loan is being made by a Building Society. The Building Society will require to hold the deeds as long as the loan lasts. If the same solicitor is acting for you and the purchaser, he will hold the deeds until the transaction is complete.

If the value of the house does not exceed £1,000, the solicitor's costs will be 2 per cent, but after the £1,000 limit, a further charge of 1½ per cent is payable on the balance.

Opening Tobacconist

"WHAT STEPS DO I have to take to open a tobacconists' business, selling soft drinks as a sideline? Shall I have to inform the local council, or get permits?"

✓ Your first step will be to find out whether wholesale dealers will allow you to have a supply of tobacco and cigarettes. If they are willing, you should then obtain a licence from the Post Office. There is no need to inform the local council.

With regard to soft drinks, you should write direct to the Soft Drinks Industry Association Ltd., 42 Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W.1, concerning a supply of mineral waters.

Deposit on Orders

"PART OF MY STOCK consists of brides' and bridesmaids' dresses which I let out on hire. Anyone booking these outfits pays a deposit of 10s. on each dress ordered. Is a person who cancels an order entitled to demand the deposit back?"

✓ If a customer agrees to hire goods and fails to keep the agreement she should be liable for the whole charge as agreed. If you are willing to release her from the agreement, you should be entitled to compensation for loss of profit, and could therefore retain the deposit.

Parents' Support

"BEING AN OLD AGE PENSIONER with an invalid wife, I applied for free medical service for her and was referred to the Assistance Board. They informed me that my four married daughters would have to contribute to the payment of the doctor's fees. Are children compelled to support their parents?"

✓ Sons are liable to contribute towards the maintenance of their parents under the Poor Law Act, and so are unmarried daughters who are earning money. Married daughters are not liable unless they have separate property or are earning.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND your general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Joan is so *full* of fun

Always getting up to something. So high spirited too. Taxes all your energy to keep pace with her.

But in your heart you know her health is all that matters. Like all wise mothers you agree that when needed, a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' will soon correct stomach upsets and regulate the system. It is the natural treatment for children — the laxative they like. 'California Syrup of Figs' keeps them regular, well and happy.

"California Syrup of Figs"

---

4 STAR

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For BATHS PAINTWORK SINKS HANDS

9d. Tins

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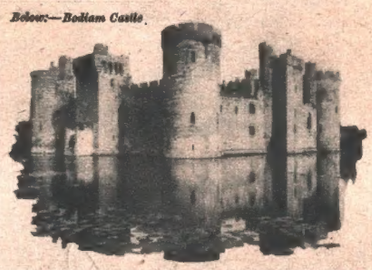

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